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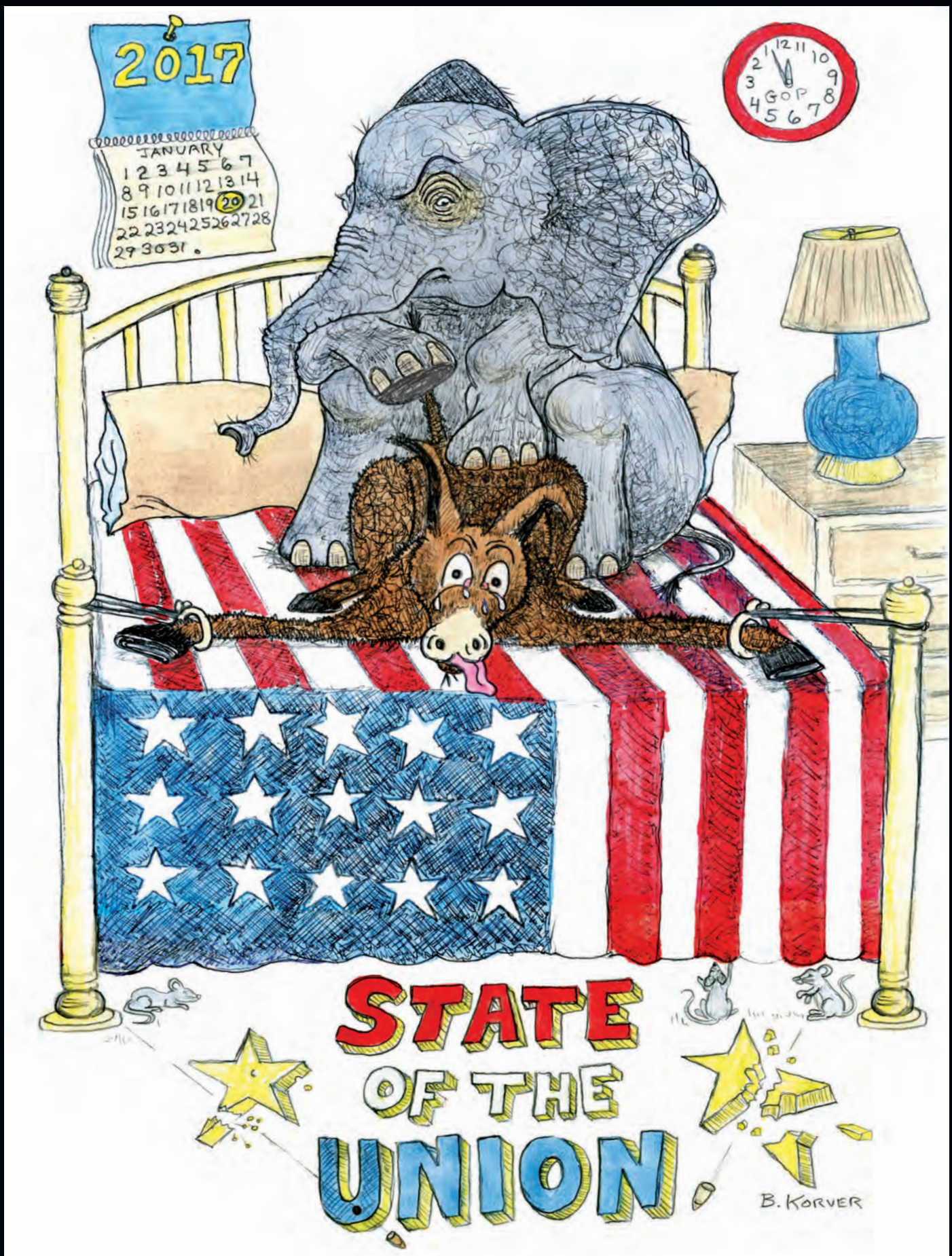


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50 YEARS FROM NOW
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FOX NEWS
WINNERS

APRIL 2017
Volume 43 Number 11
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

# HUSTLER®

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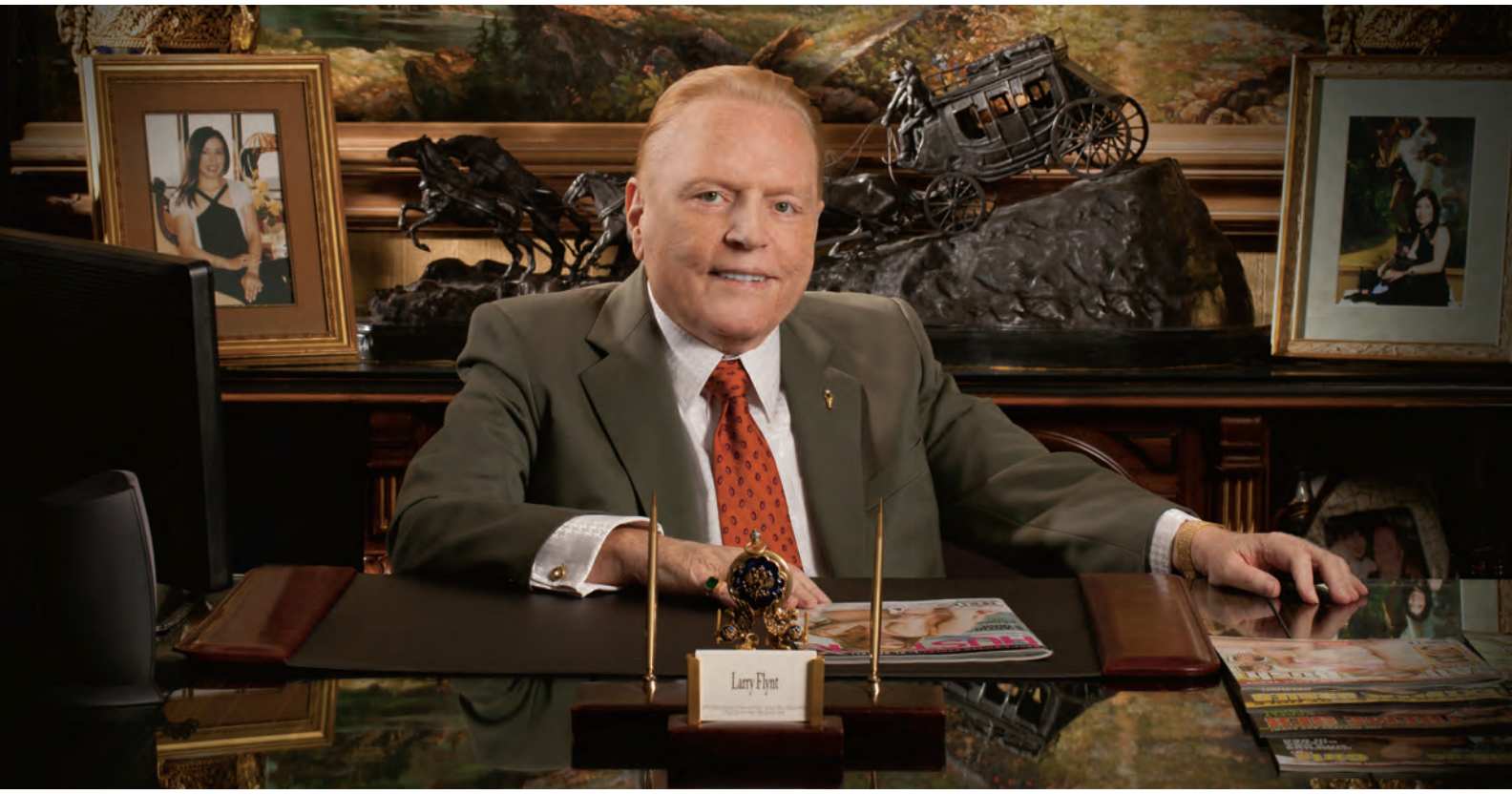



# ELECTION POSTMORTEM

Donald Trump has been declared the 45th President of the United States, with a solid Republican majority in both the House and Senate—a total, shocking disaster for Democrats. No one expected a rout like this. After all the weeping is over, we must learn lessons from this defeat, with an eye to the future.

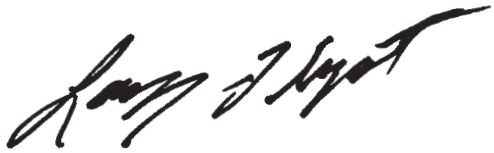
It's an old saw that many battles are lost because the generals fight the last war, ignoring how the times have changed. After 12 straight years of Republican rule in the White House (Reagan and Bush Sr.), Bill Clinton and the Democratic Leadership Council moved the party to the right, convinced that traditional New Deal leftism was obsolete and incapable of winning general elections. That may have been true then and yesterday, but this stance was blown out of the water in 2016, when Americans said they were fed up with the bipartisan establishment that has ruled Washington for the past few decades—no more Bushes and no more Clintons!

The keys to Trump's triumph were the Rust Belt states: Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Wisconsin. Millions of people there, mainly white working class, who voted for Obama in the last two elections flipped this time and went for Trump. And it wasn't because they all suddenly became racists or misogynists, not wanting a woman in the White House. It's because they bought Trump's promise to reverse the offshoring of jobs.

Since NAFTA's passage, we've lost 70,000 factories and 5 million manufacturing jobs to China, Mexico and other cheap-labor countries, while the corporate owners and Wall Street crowd have made out like bandits. Yes, Bill Clinton went along, but don't forget that it was George Bush Sr. who first signed the agreement in 1992. I remember Ross Perot back then, the only real dissenter, saying it would result in a "giant sucking sound" of American jobs vacuumed out of the country. He was right. And now we're suffering consequences that can no longer be ignored.

Can or will Trump really do anything about it? Maybe. But every other policy he wants would be absolutely devastating to the working middle class: repeal of healthcare with no real alternative and no cost controls, no minimum-wage increase, huge tax breaks for corporations and one-percenters, a Supreme Court that might overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*, trillions more spent on the bloated military—all with nearly $20 trillion in national debt. It's the 2.0 version of Reaganomics that started this whole concentration of wealth and middle-class decline. No doubt we will soon be hearing wails of buyer's remorse.

Trump has knocked neoliberal economics and neocon foreign policy off their sacred pedestals—for now. But only a new, reformed Democratic Party can achieve prosperity and justice for all Americans in this rapidly changing world. To rebuild from this painful defeat, the Democrats must reclaim their populist New Deal roots. And that means real progressive leaders like Elizabeth Warren, Bernie Sanders and Keith Ellison in the cockpit.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

This guy ran over a nun, plowed into a pregnant woman, then shot up some kids selling kittens. How come you didn't just shoot him?
He's white.
CATERING
JOHN
POLICE
KITTENS
$5
Dodgers
McLeady

# WORKING-CLASS WOES

## A LACK OF COMPASSION FOR THOSE VICTIMIZED BY WALL STREET PAVED THE WAY FOR TRUMP'S HORRIFYING WIN.

How did this happen? As I absorb the once impossibly ludicrous spectacle of the inauguration of Donald Trump as the 45th President of the United States, I remain in a state of shock shared by the majority of Americans who rejected him at the polls only to be startled by the tally of the antiquated Electoral College.

With the ascension of this buffoonish figure to the position of most powerful leader in the world, our nation is undoubtedly in fundamental disarray. That explains the 2016 Presidential election. Whatever you think of our new President, you cannot honestly blame him for the election's portentous outcome. Trump is the messenger, and the message is one of a screaming societal pain born not from the repugnant words of this demagogue but from the actions of his predecessors and their enablers, Democrat and Republican alike.

That pain is the direct result of Wall Street shenanigans made possible by President Bill Clinton's financial deregulation, which destroyed the jobs, homes, life savings and self-esteem of tens of millions of Americans. When Election Day 2016 rolled around, why wouldn't these citizens choose to throw their votes to Trump as if desperately betting on the roll of dice in a crooked casino? African Americans and Latinos lost almost 70% of their collective wealth in the meltdown. Trump alienated Latinos with his talk of deportations, but Latinos dubbed Obama "deporter-in-chief" for booting out more people than any President before him.

The significance of the exit polls is clear: Trump voters denounced the political two-party status quo as if it were a deadly pox, seizing upon the word *change* as the semantic equivalent of a magical elixir. They not only swept aside the religious right's concern for scriptural propriety and the disgust of women over Trump's groping. They also bought into the delusion of white working people that a lying billionaire who avoided the taxes they are compelled to pay cares about their well-being. Most of all, Hillary Clinton lost because the Democratic Party's base of union and nonunion workers of every color and gender did not believe her claims of concern for them.

What was Clinton thinking in 2013 when she accepted $675,000 for three speeches to financial executives assembled by Goldman Sachs? Knowing she planned to make a Presidential bid, Clinton didn't even bother to chide them over their central role in creating the Great Recession that victimized millions of Americans. Did she believe the contents of those and many other highly paid speeches would not surface, with or without WikiLeaks? Does Clinton have such a tin ear that she didn't expect an outcry over the Wall Street moneygrubbing that Bernie Sanders so thoroughly exposed during the Democratic primaries?

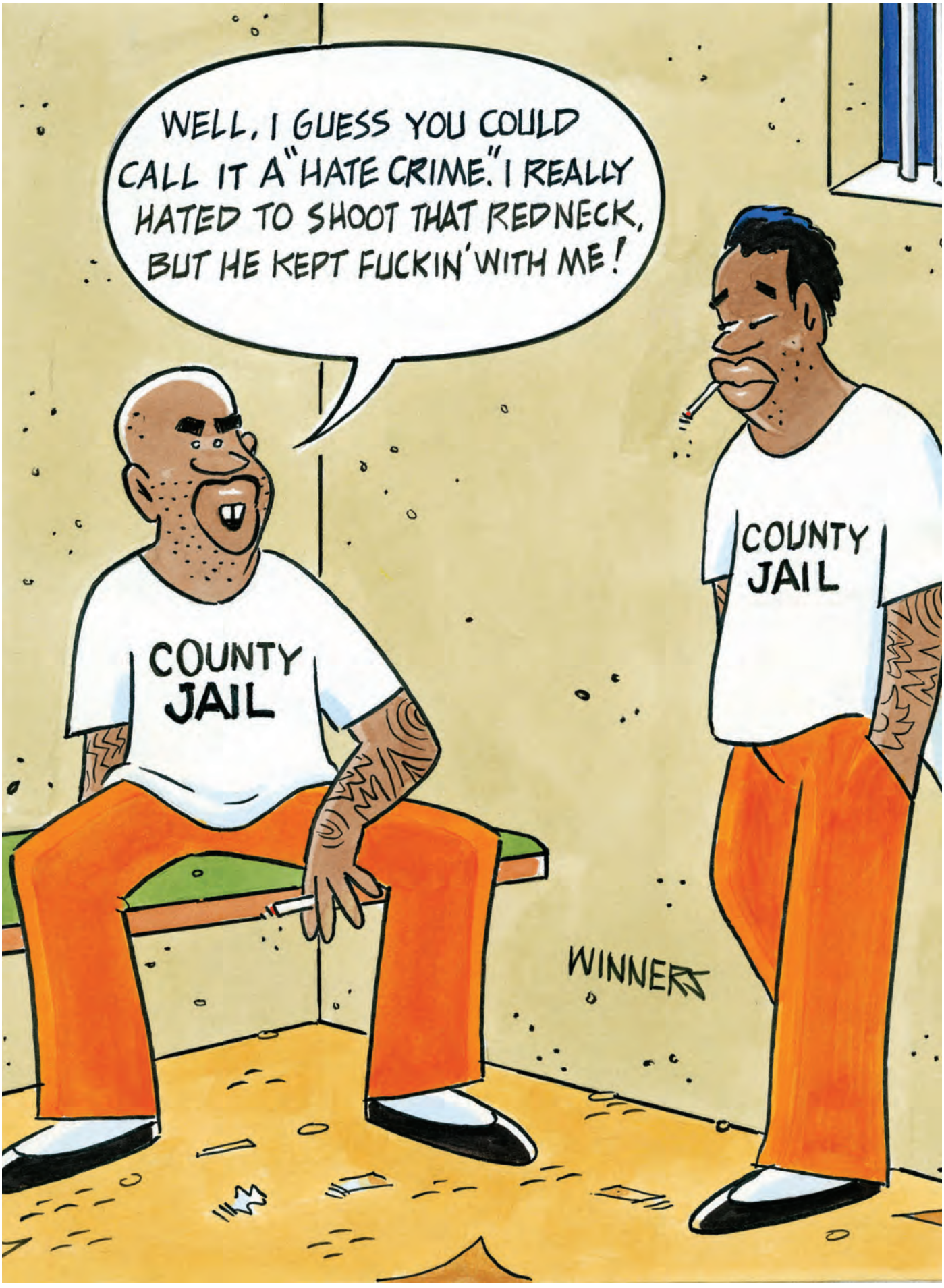
Clinton never could absorb on a visceral level that folks were hurting. After coming close to being unceremoniously derailed by a rumpled old socialist, she made what proved to be an egregious blunder. As the general election approached, Clinton neglected to address the enormous economic pain of so many Americans, particularly in the Rust Belt states that once provided a loyal backbone for the Democratic Party.

Give Trump some credit for recognizing that the art of those trade deals passed through Congress with bipartisan majorities were an insult to the art of the deal. Trade is great, but only if it protects ordinary folks on both sides of the negotiation. As Sanders tried to explain to Clinton, there is nothing free about free trade deals that undermine the hard-fought gains of American workers, many of whom turned to Trump.

The election was Hillary Clinton's to lose, and she lost it spectacularly by failing to win over a relative handful of white voters who had gone with Barack Obama and by not being able to garner a sufficient number of votes from Latinos, blacks and women.

Yes, we are long overdue to elect a woman President of the United States. But next time, the Democrats had best nominate a candidate like Senator Elizabeth Warren, who grasps the pain of ordinary people. H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*


WELL, I GUESS YOU COULD CALL IT A "HATE CRIME." I REALLY HATED TO SHOOT THAT REDNECK, BUT HE KEPT FUCKIN' WITH ME!
COUNTY JAIL
COUNTY JAIL
WINNERS

# END OF THE (PIPE)LINE

AS FOSSIL FUELS IMPERIL LIFE ON EARTH, INDIGENOUS PEOPLE STAND TALL IN THE FIGHT TO SAVE US ALL.

While the corporate media and much of the country were obsessed with the threat posed by Donald Trump's Presidential candidacy, the Lakota and Dakota Sioux nations had another concern. Their people gathered en masse near the Standing Rock Sioux reservation to protest a more immediate threat: Energy Transfer Partners' $3.7-billion, 1,200-mile Dakota Access Pipeline, which would "burrow under the reservation's primary water source" as it snaked from North Dakota to southern Illinois.

Never mind the sacred burial grounds to be bulldozed along the route. There is black gold to pump, and nothing is going to stop the white man's right to commerce no matter how negatively it impacts North America's indigenous peoples.

"What we look at are not only our ancestral sites, but future generations," David Archambault II, chairman of the Standing Rock Sioux, told me. "There's a serious issue here with these Dallas-based corporations that are driven by greed and money to get a project done at all costs. And the cost that has to be paid is a burden placed on tribes."

The massive protest prompted North Dakota's governor to call out the National Guard and riot squads on behalf of Energy Transfer. He had seen what happened the last time Americans took notice of an enormous pipeline project: the now-scuttled Keystone XL Pipeline, which would have pumped dirty tar sands crude from Canada across the U.S. heartland's water supply to the Gulf of Mexico for export.

"We have big oil corporations that essentially are ignoring not only the sovereign rights of our Native brothers and sisters, but ignoring the property rights of farmers and ranchers," railed Jane Kleeb of Bold, Nebraska. "So we have pipelines going in that aren't even for American energy independence anymore. They're essentially all for the export."

With the cost of renewable energy now on par with oil, coal and natural gas, the fossil fuel industry is "scrambling as fast as it can" to lock in new dirty energy infrastructure, says Robert F. Kennedy Jr., president of the environmentalist group Waterkeeper Alliance.

"The carbon titans are now mobilizing to protect their profits," Kennedy explains in a video message to the Standing Rock Sioux. "The only way they can hold on to their market share is through our addiction to their infrastructure. That's why over the past ten years in this country, there's been 16,000 miles of gas and oil pipelines constructed and only 600 miles of transmission [lines]. Why? Because transmission is the media of renewable energy. They're trying to pave our country with pipelines and infrastructures to make sure we can't switch away from their dirty dangerous fuel."

"Ever since we learned about this, we said, 'Stop, don't come here!'" Archambault told me after another round of D.C. court hearings to block the Dakota Access Pipeline. "It seems like the company out of Dallas, the U.S. Army Corp of Engineers and the federal government do not listen. Right now what's happening is tribes are helping people remember that we are here, and we still exist, and we are a strong voice, and to take notice."

While failing to get a full injunction to stop construction on private property, the protests did more than draw the attention of the federal government. The Obama Administration temporarily halted construction on public lands, pending a new review.

"Why did the Keystone XL pipeline not get built?" environmental champion Bill McKibben asked. "Above all, because indigenous peoples on both sides of the [U.S.-Canada] border took the lead in a battle that stretched over a decade. Why did Canadian leaders fail in their efforts to replace it with the Northern Gateway pipeline? Because tribes and bands across the west of that country made it clear they could not be bought off.

"Why will the easiest-to-access deep-water port on the Pacific coast not be turned into the country's biggest new coal export terminal?" McKibben continued. "Because the Lummi Nation at Cherry Point [Washington] joined with protesters across the region to say no. Indigenous peoples from the Amazon to the coral atolls of the Pacific are doing more than anyone else to slow down the grinding destruction of our Earth."

As the fight to save our planet's land, water and air continues, the world's indigenous peoples are leading the way. "It's time to listen to Native Americans," McKibben suggests. "We might, after five centuries, actually listen to the only people who've ever successfully inhabited this continent for the long term."

Now there's an idea. H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).

"You stand in stark contrast to everything that is good and decent. When can you start?!"

"I know I'm being old-fashioned, Carla, but I don't care! Would you do me the honor of allowing me to stick my tongue all the way up your asshole?!"

## JAMES COMEY

Poor James Comey—the FBI director was hated first by the Republicans, then the Democrats and now by much of the country after his spectacular intervention in the final weeks of the election shocked the world and helped an ignorant buffoon ascend to the highest office in our land.

Last July Comey declined to file criminal charges against Hillary Clinton over her imprudent use of a private email server to conduct State Department business, sending conservatives into a hissy fit. They were sure that this molehill of a scandal could force her out of the Presidential race. The fix was in, Trumpites claimed; Comey had succumbed to political pressure! But his decision wasn't political—it was based on strict obedience to the law that really gave him no other choice. "I think she was extremely careless," he explained. "I think she was negligent. That I could establish. What we can't establish is that she acted with the necessary criminal intent. 'Should have known,' 'must have known,' 'had to know' does not get you there."

It's clear that Clinton honestly did not believe any of the emails were sensitive; they did not have "classified" headers, and the "C" markings before some paragraphs were buried in millions of words of text sent and received by over 300 people she was communicating with, most of them experienced State Department employees who never suspected a problem either. "Do you really believe there are 300 career diplomats—because that's how many people were on these emails—all of whom were careless with national security? Do you believe that?" Bill Clinton asked. Well, nobody without an ax to grind believed it.

But if you can't convict people under the law, you can convict them in the court of public opinion, smothering them under a media shitstorm of suspicion. So 11 days before November 8, 2016, Comey announced that he was resurrecting the rotten corpse of the investigation because he had found more emails on the laptops of Clinton aide Huma Abedin and her dick-photo-texting estranged husband Anthony Weiner. *Bombshell!* The press exploded. Then, 48 hours before the election, Comey confessed what any idiot could have guessed: *Nothing new here. Move along.* But the damage had been done in the public mind.

If this was not enough, he also dipped into the ancient history vault to publish decades-old documents about Bill Clinton's pardon of financier Marc Rich, and refused to confirm or deny speculation that it was Russians who had hacked Hillary's and John Podesta's email servers, because—are you ready for this?—addressing such a scandal then was "too close to the election." Ha! You're a real Rodney Dangerfield, Jimmy, but none of us are laughing now. We're puking.

Hillary thinks these ploys cost her the election. "Our analysis is that Comey's letter raising doubts that were groundless, baseless, proven to be, stopped our momentum," she said. And the second letter, dismissing the farce, "was a real motivator for Trump's voters."

Was Comey playing a slick game to sabotage the Democrats? Although he now claims to be independent, for most of his life he was a registered Republican. His senior thesis in college was a love letter to extreme-right Bible thumper Jerry Falwell. And one citizen posted two photos from different angles on his Facebook page depicting a Trump/Pence sign in front of Comey's gated mansion in Connecticut. "Absolutely undoctored photo. I took it myself," said Chris Grimm. Oh, yeah, Comey is "independent" all right—like Ann Coulter was an undecided voter in this election.

This poison grenade tossed into the campaign wasn't his first attack on the Clintons. Back in 1996 he was deputy special counsel to the Senate Whitewater Committee, which came to the same conclusion as the great email non-scandal: Hillary had mishandled some documents, but there was no criminal intent or wrongdoing at all—another bullshit molehill amounting to zilch. But that didn't stop Comey from broadcasting a damaging report spewing slime against Democrats he apparently loathes.

Before this sneak attack as current FBI director, Comey was a U.S. attorney in Manhattan, where he framed an innocent Egyptian student, Abdallah Higazy, for collaborating with the 9/11 hijackers. Higazy was tossed into solitary confinement for a month after FBI interrogators threatened the lives of his family and wrenched a false confession out of him. He was eventually released without charges and successfully sued the federal government for $250,000 in damages. Nice Gestapo work, Jimmy.

After this abuse of power, Comey graduated to U.S. deputy attorney general in the Baby Bush Administration, where he upped the ante, proclaiming that the accused dirty-bomb conspirator, Jose Padilla, an American citizen, had no right to habeas corpus or a defense lawyer because he was an "enemy combatant." Padilla was kept in solitary confinement on a military base and forced to wear sensory deprivation goggles and earmuffs whenever he was allowed outside his cell, destroying his mind—virtual torture. Comey was part of the whole sick Bush program of Spanish Inquisition-style "enhanced interrogation"—jackbooted goons wiping their ass with the U.S. Constitution.

Like so many other federal insiders, Comey has made the rounds in the private defense and banking sectors to boost his bank account in between government jobs—the big payoff gigs ensuring that those industries would always have a sympathetic mole in agencies that could prosecute them. After the Bush Justice Department job, Comey settled in as senior vice-president with Lockheed Martin, the number-one Daddy Warbucks outfit profiting from our endless neocon wars. He eventually landed a spot on the board of British-based HSBC Holdings, a company fined $1.9 billion for money-laundering drug-cartel loot in 2012.

With these gold stars on his résumé, he was appointed to fill J. Edgar Hoover's black, shiny FBI shoes in 2013. From that bully pulpit, he has demonstrated the same fascist tendencies displayed in his tenure with the Bush Administration: He wants to outlaw encryption for all private communications, making business and your personal life vulnerable to hackers and identity thieves, just so the cops will have an easier day. "You can't build a backdoor that only the good guys can walk through," explains cryptographer and author Bruce Schneier. "Encryption protects against cybercriminals, industrial competitors, the Chinese secret police and the FBI. You're either vulnerable to eavesdropping by any of them, or you're secure from eavesdropping from all of them."

In response to the epidemic of outrageous police shootings recorded and broadcast by citizen journalists in the last two years, Comey griped that a "viral video effect" or "Ferguson effect" was causing a spike in felonies nationwide, because cops were just too intimidated by all those cameras. "I spoke to officers privately who describe being surrounded by young people with mobile phones held high," he said. "They said to me, 'We feel under siege. We don't feel much like getting out of our cars.'"

What a steaming mug of moose dung! "Under siege" by a fucking iPhone! If cops are abiding by the law, then what the hell do they have to be ashamed of? Other than being held accountable for the unwarranted brutality and violation of Constitutional rights that they've gotten away with for decades.

James Comey is just another pleasant-faced bureaucrat devoted to entrenching the out-of-control police/surveillance state in our nation. For that and the innocent victims his policies have tortured and railroaded, he's a despicable s.o.b. But for helping Donald Trump over the hump—we may well have to nominate him for Asshole of the Decade. H

PHOTO © EVERETT COLLECTION HISTORICAL/ALAMY

# JOHNNY WAD KENNEDY

High on Election Day adrenaline, MSNBC's Chris Matthews shocked and titillated a panel of nebbish cohosts by offhandedly remarking that John F. Kennedy once visited a porn theater to blow off election-eve stress. "There's something about the whole ritual, like concession speeches, which I love—I've said that before—and crying when you lose..." Then, somewhat incoherently (probably owing to the fact that blood was rushing from his head to his prick—the thought of weeping politicians will do that to certain men), Matthews continued, "Jack Kennedy did this: Ben Bradlee, his buddy, they went up to see a porn movie."

"What?" asked a stunned Rachel Maddow. "They went to, like, a porn theater?" Matthews affirmed, but did not get into the kind of details most of us were looking for.

If Ben Bradlee, then Washington bureau chief for *Newsweek*, and JFK did spill their Harvard-educated seed all over a gum-covered theater floor, they did so while sitting next to their wives. According to Bradlee, in his 1975 book *Conversations With Kennedy*, the Kennedys asked the Bradlees to hang over dinner and a movie while they waited for the 1960 West Virginia primary results. Failing to get into *Suddenly, Last Summer*, which wouldn't seat latecomers due to its "surprise" ending (spoiler alert—Sebastian was chopped to bits and cannibalized by the underage native boys he was trying to fuck), they went to a theater across the street that "specialized in porn." "This wasn't the hard-core porn of the '70s," explains Bradlee, writing like a man who knows. "Just a nasty little thing called *Private Property*, starring one Katie Manx as a horny housewife who kept getting raped and seduced by hoodlums." Apparently Manx's performance did not offer JFK much distraction that night. In a 1964 interview, Bradlee's wife Antoinette recalled, "He spent most of the time there leaving and going next door to a drug store and telephoning to see how things were going." (Spoiler Alert 2: Up until November 22, 1963, things went very well.)

*"If I don't have sex every day, I get a headache." —JOHN F. KENNEDY, FORMER PRESIDENT*

# LUST IN TRANSLATION

#OneMoreCoolThingJapanHasThatWeDon't: a titty contest judged "from a female perspective." Sadly, HUSTLER's Japanese translators have been out sick all month, but between Twitter, YouTube and RocketNews24.com (a reliable source if there ever was one), we were able to piece the whole story together without dropping too many stitches. Young, nubile Japanese women dressed only in strategically placed flowers pose for an older Japanese gent dressed inexplicably in Soviet Union army-style garb. Solemn and silent, he clicks away. A panel of five judges, including three women, discuss the women's tits, which you can't fucking see, because of all those goddamn flowers. Finally Ryoko Nakaoka, a 23-year-old from Tokyo who spent her childhood playing ping pong and swimming, is announced Miss Bi-Oppai, or "beauty boobs." According to RocketNews24.com, panel member Maggie explained her decision thusly: "Her breasts have a good shape, and you just want to touch them because they're so fluffy, which was really the deciding factor." We turn to Nakaoka's Twitter account for a description of the big day: "Was chosen as the beauty boobs contest 2016...Grand Prix. Was nervous. Foot was also shivering really. Nothing but happy. We're pleased obediently...#BIOPPAI." Much obliged, Google Translate.

# WELL-FUCKED PLANET

ECOPORN PINUP BY PONY EXPRESS/PHOTO BY MATT SAV

ARTIST: YUDORI, COURTESY GREENERY PRESS

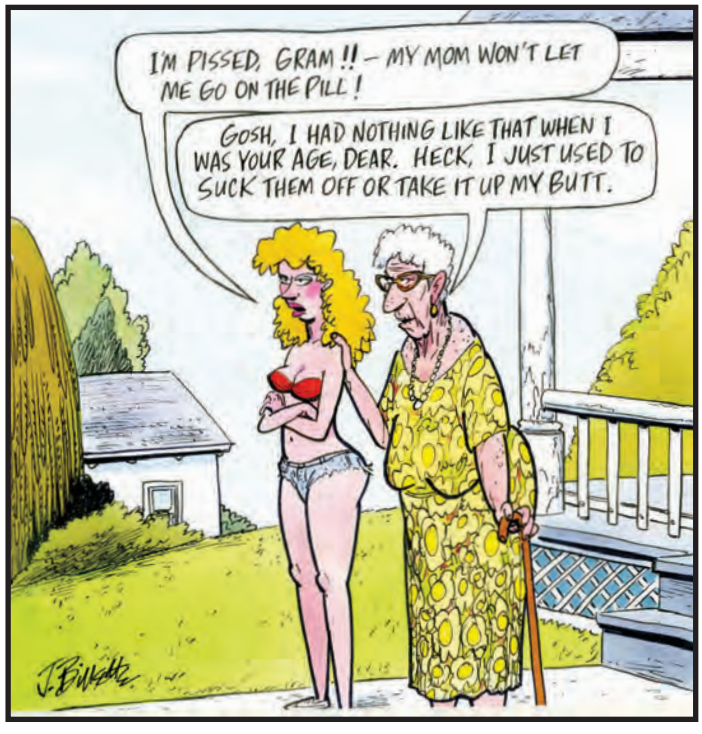
Earth Day—a vapid, made-up holiday celebrated by self-congratulatory idiots who believe that turning organic baby food jars into candle votives and participating in drum circles will Make a Difference and Save the Planet. It's easy to mock environmental activists (not to mention fun), but among other undeniable, good shit they've accomplished since the first Earth Day was celebrated in 1970: The Clean Water Act of 1972, the banning of DDT, the removal of asbestos and lead use in consumer products and cleaning medical waste from beaches—little things that enable us to breathe air and drink water.

Sex educator/feminist stripper and HUSTLER friend Annie Sprinkle and partner Beth Stephens have dedicated the past few years to making environmentalism sexy and fun. The two are advancing "sexecology," "a new field of research exploring the places where [sex] and ecology intersect." They've got a manifesto ("We are Ecosexuals: the Earth is our lover...."), websites (ecosexlab.org; sexecology.org; loveartlab.org), and academic and artistic projects up the wazoo (among other things, a book, *The Explorer's Guide to Planet Orgasm,* Greenery Press, and a documentary film, *Goodbye Gauley Mountain*, available on Netflix and iTunes), all intended to put you in touch—literally—with nature. They'll even come to your town and marry you to the moon (for a price).

It would be easy to dismiss sexecology as typical San Francisco liberal shit, but Sprinkle and Stephens work hard at inclusion. For them, getting in touch—literally making it with "lover earth"—is a rite that supercedes where you're from or who you voted for. Stephens' own roots are in West Virginia's Appalachian coal mining country, which she sees as a proving ground for the rest of America. "The people there have always tried to do the right thing for this country," she tells HUSTLER. "Coal miners have given their lives so that we can have electricity and fuel for industry, the military-industrial machine—those people have sacrificed their land, their bodies. Liberals and the Democrats—and I include myself in that category—didn't pay enough attention to those people. We could have done a better job. The United Mine Workers of America ensured the end of child labor and the 40-hour workweek. They've done all kinds of good things for America, and they've only been spit upon. And when you spit upon people, people get tired of it."

With Trump planning to challenge the Clean Water Act (and thus make it easier to push through the Dakota Access Pipeline being built by a company Trump owns stock in), it'd be easy to get down around the mouth and give up. But sitting Earth Day out won't help. "We are an ecosystem. We all have to learn to get along," says Sprinkle. "Who doesn't like nature on some level? When we're having sex with a person, we're having sex with water. We are coal, stardust. We're made of earth. We're not separate."

Can sex save the world? We hope so.




*"Every natural action is graceful." —RALPH WALDO EMERSON, WRITER*

# HELLO, SLATTERN

Like a lot of media, HUSTLER did not wake up in time to smell the funeral. Most of us came in to work on November 9, 2016, dazed and confused. "Donald Trump's Victory Proves That America Hates Women," announced *Slate*. "Donald Trump Is About to Declare War on Women's Bodies," declared *Gizmodo*. Holy fuck! America elected a sexist baboon who plans to defund Planned Parenthood, ban abortion and eliminate health insurance coverage for birth control. Fuck! Did we say that already? FUCK!

Don't panic. Therese Oneill's *Unmentionable: The Victorian Lady's Guide to Sex, Marriage, and Manners* (Little, Brown and Company) arrives in time to suggest solutions to social problems we thought we were rid of many, many decades ago. Oneill combed through over 50 historic books and manuals to share Victorian wisdom in chapters like "Diet: You're a Little Bag of Pudding," "Birth Control and Other Affronts to God," and "Public Behavior: Avoiding Scorn, Dangers, and Museums." Here's a taste:

**SEX**

Don't do it "while either partner is drunk": "Idiocy and numerous nervous maladies are liable to appear in the offspring of an intoxicated father or mother."

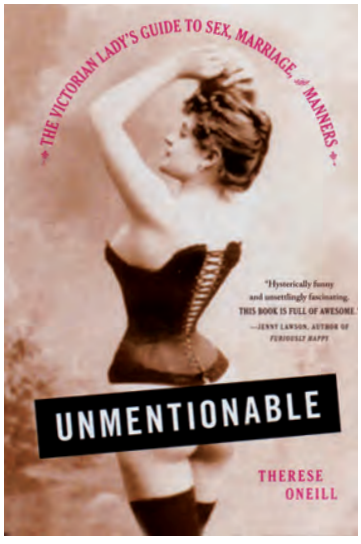
Focus: "When a man is performing this act, if his thoughts wander, the product will be feeble, and if his wife becomes pregnant the offspring will be inferior."

Remember: Pull out and God will KILL you: "The soiling of the conjugal bed by the shameful maneuvers to which we have made allusion, is mentioned for the first time in Genesis 38:6, and following verses: 'And it came to pass, when he [Onan] went in unto his brother's wife, that he spilled it on the ground, lest that he should give seed to his brother. And the thing which he did displeased the Lord; wherefore He slew him."

In case this wasn't clear: No birth control: "PREVENTING CONCEPTION OUTRAGES EVERY SEXUAL LAW. Think you, after God has created you men and women, and ordained all this creative machinery solely to secure reproduction, you can thwart and cheat Him without incurring His retribution commensurate with His highest law you break? Prepare to meet your God, ye who persist."

**HOW A WOMAN OUGHT TO BEHAVE IN PUBLIC**

Don't suck your umbrella: "What are you doing? Sucking the head off your parasol! Have you not breakfasted? Take that piece of ivory from your mouth! To suck it is unlady-like, and let me tell you, excessively unbecoming. Rosy lips and pearly teeth can be put to a better use."




Don't screw around in public (especially if you aren't planning to marry that shit): "Kissing, Fondling, and Caressing Between Lovers: This should never be tolerated under any circumstances, unless there is an engagement to justify it, and then only in a sensible and limited way. The girl who allows a young man the privilege of kissing her or putting his arms around her waist before engagement will at once fall in the estimation of the man she has thus gratified and desired to please."

Keep moving: "Never stop to speak to a gentleman in the street. If you have anything important to say to him, allow him to join and walk with you, but do not stop."

**HOW A WOMAN OUGHT TO BEHAVE IN BED**

Your choices are missionary and missionary: "The natural position to which we have alluded suggests itself to every married pair who possesses the most remote particle of love for each other. But to make it unmistakable, we would say, that the female should lie upon her back, with her legs straight down or if the legs are raised, they should be but slightly elevated. All other positions are unnatural and unhealthy. I could illustrate this fact by several cases in point, but the details are too disgusting."

No telling whether sex in President Trump's America will be as fun as all this, so get out there and fuck like there's no birth control, no abortion and no tomorrow (because there might not be).

PHOTO COURTESY LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY

*"Neglect of an effective birth control policy is a never-failing source of poverty which, in turn, is the parent of revolution and crime." —ARISTOTLE, PHILOSOPHER*

SUCK MY DICK!
What have you got to lose?
Pride.
Dignity.
Integrity.
Self-esteem.
MULLADY

Chat With
REAL GIRLS NOW in your area
Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?
HUSTLER PERSONALS
WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU
You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.
Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW
PEAK INSIDE

# DOLLY LEIGH

## ALTERNATE UNIVERSE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
@BBGRANTPHOTO

I'm super into video games, particularly the open world ones. I love being able to feel like I'm in another universe. I can talk about my favorite series for hours (Elder Scrolls and Mass Effect, by the way). Generally I'm attracted to sweet, nerdy guys, especially ones who are a little shy. I like mostly the same qualities in women, though I prefer my females with attitude. My favorite position is probably missionary. I know, boring. But it just hits the right spots and makes me come the quickest. I also like cowgirl.

"Sex is great when there's real passion, but it's not overly serious. It's okay to be silly. It's okay to try new things! Once a girl literally squirted inside me. We were both scissoring a magic wand, and she was just gushing. It was really hot."

## DOLLY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **St. Louis, Missouri** | AGE: **21** | HEIGHT: **5-5** | MEASUREMENTS: **34B-28-37**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary** | TWITTER: **@MissDollyLeigh** | INSTAGRAM: **@DollyLeigh**

# REALLY REAL ROB

THE MAN'S FABULOUSLY HONEST AND OUTRAGEOUSLY FUNNY. FOR 30 YEARS LUMINARY ROB SCHNEIDER HAS BEEN MAKING US BELLY-LAUGH. HE'S BEEN A WRITER AND PERFORMER ON *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*, A STAND-UP COMIC, AN ACTOR AND A REIGNING MEMBER OF ADAM SANDLER'S COMIC FAMILY. NOW SCHNEIDER SITS DOWN WITH HUSTLER TO TALK ABOUT HIS NETFLIX HIT *REAL ROB*, HENRY MILLER, HIRING A STALKER AS AN ASSISTANT AND DRIVING AROUND RURAL FRANCE WITH DAD IN SEARCH OF THE INFAMOUS JACKIE O HUSTLER.

**INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY**

PHOTO BY PAUL MOBLEY

**HUSTLER: How did you get your start?**
ROB SCHNEIDER: I didn't know anybody in show business, and my parents thought it was just a phase I was going through. Of course I think *phase* was their code for *loser*. [*Laughs.*] But then, when I got on TV at 20, my parents realized there was potential, and they helped me. I had a Volkswagen Bug with an exhaust leak and no working windshield, and because of the exhaust leak, you had to have your head out while driving. An unsafe vehicle to say the least, and I don't know how much brain damage I suffered from that. But after I was on TV, my parents felt bad and helped me upgrade my vehicle to a used Honda Civic. That made a difference because I could safely drive to gigs.

**This was San Francisco in the 1980s?**
Exactly, and thank God for Robin Williams. He's the reason there was a comedy scene in San Francisco. Audiences would show up hoping he would pop in, and more times than not he actually did. Some club would have four to six people in it, just a bar with a microphone and a small stage really. Then Robin Williams would come in. People would pile in off the streets, and Robin would usually do an hour. Most times the audience would leave with him, but sometimes a few drunks too wasted to get on their feet would stay, and we'd have a small little audience after his show.

I was part of that stand-up comedy boom in San Francisco. Two great talents came out of that city: Robin Williams and the incredible Dana Carvey. Carvey was famous before he was famous. He would just pack comedy clubs because people knew what a great stand-up he was, the most dynamic performer to come out of his era.

**When would you say you hit it big?**
When I got on *David Letterman*, that was probably my first break. Letterman was brilliant. You knew he knew what funny was. When I was first on in '87, it was before they miked the audience, and I remember doing my first joke, and the only person who laughed was Letterman. By that point I was enough of a performing veteran—I'd probably done 2,000 shows—that I knew instinctively to let the audience hear him laugh. I did the second joke, and Letterman was the only one to laugh again, but by now the audience was hearing him. By the third joke the audience figured out that if Letterman thought I was funny, I must be funny. So the third joke I murdered, and by the end of the set I was basically carried away by a group of network people, and I had to move to Hollywood the next week. It was one of those dream things that I don't know exists anymore.

It was kinda bing, bang, boom: I got on *David Letterman*, The Young Comedians special, then *Saturday Night Live*, and all of that was >>

possible because of the very generous and talented Dennis Miller. Dennis Miller is directly responsible for helping launch the careers of Adam Sandler, Norm Macdonald, David Spade and myself.

**How so?**
He just was very generous and recognized talent. I have to say, Dennis Miller is a brilliant comic mind, but his real contribution to the art form was championing young comics like myself. Because of his word use, his metaphors, the topics he discussed, Dennis was very influential to young comics.

**Other stand-ups you admired as a young performer?**
The other guy around when I first started was Sam Kinison, maybe the last great original voice in stand-up. A monumental talent. Sam was like a rock 'n' roll comedian; he really lived his act. He joked about doing precipitous mounds of coke and said his girlfriend came up to him crying, "Sam, I just can't stay and watch you destroy yourself." Then Sam looks up with that smile and says, "It worked!"

There was the hippy-dippy professorial comedy of George Carlin, probably the only real performing genius we've had. Well, the greatest performing genius ever was, of course, Richard Pryor. Everyone—even if they don't know it—is stealing from Pryor. He's the statue of David of stand-up comedy. He basically made this mold, and we're all still trying to fit into it 35 years later.

**Did I read that Monty Python had a big influence on you?**
Monty Python is the high-water mark of comedy in the 20th century, and anyone who disagrees with that is ignorant about comedy.

**Tell us what you really think…**
It's true. These guys were the best of the best at the peak, at an incredible time in the '60s, during the sexual revolution, post-sexual revolution. Monty Python was the first group who were performers writing for themselves, and that's always better. It really has a voice and a point of view. *Saturday Night Live* at its best did that, and a big influence on *Saturday Night Live* was Monty Python. They were outrageously, brilliantly funny and, above all, silly.

That singular vision, that's why television is better now. The non-network television shows are better because there are more singular-vision shows, like *Breaking Bad*. Believe it or not, *Breaking Bad* and *House of Cards* were the shows that made me want to get back into television. They made me realize the potential was there to do something more interesting even than movies. Fuck movies! I don't know a movie that's worth seeing. It's all superheroes.

**Speaking of movies, you joke in an early episode of *Real Rob* that you've been in 17 Adam Sandler movies.**
I think it's actually 19 now we've either produced or starred in together. Of course that's over 19 years too.

**Tell me about your catchphrase, "You can do it."**
I think we first did it in *Waterboy*.

**And you kept reprising it in later movies?**
Yeah, just because we thought it was funny. At the end of the day you have to do stuff you think is funny. That's the only chance it has to connect with people. You never know what's gonna work, but if you're trying to manipulate what you think and intellectualize it, that's when you get lost. It's gotta be instinctively funny. If it doesn't make you laugh, why would you even try it?

That's why I find a lot of network TV repulsive. It's so intellectualized, so thought out, you can smell a roomful of guys at this big table trying to come up with ideas between texting.

**Speaking of network television, didn't you originally do a similar show called *Rob* on CBS?**
That's an old story, but basically we averaged 11 million viewers, and it wasn't enough for the network. So I said I'll take that show on my

own, and I took it and did what I wanted, with my real wife. My wife and I decided to write a pilot script for *Real Rob* and send it out, and when we didn't get the responses we wanted, we said we'll just make the pilot ourselves. We said we'll make the whole series. So we wrote, directed, starred and financed it. And after watching it for five minutes, Netflix bought it. Now we're gonna be in 109 countries this season. Without all the people meddling, without all the network notes and all that shit, we made *Real Rob* ourselves. Plus, it's not a 20-minute-and-30-second show like on CBS; it's a 30-minute show. I love it.

**And you get to say "boobs" and "balls."**
I appreciate the complete freedom we get. Since *Saturday Night Live*, I've never had more creative freedom than on *Real Rob*. The only thing limiting what we can do is money, so we have to work within a budget, but otherwise it's complete freedom. It's like a dream.

**Is the show scripted?**
Basically the best form of creativity is to have chaos within strict limits. In other words, the show has some ad-libbing, but it's within the confines of a really well-conceived, well-thought-out script.

**Given that the show features you as a famous comic and stars your real wife and your real assistant, is it factually true?**
Most of it's based on the truth. I love it because it's so fun to play this arrogant asshole. I really did hit a pedestrian. I'm not proud of it, and he's okay, and I was worried. But I did hit him on Sunset Boulevard on a Saturday night, and the police were much more interested in how I was doing than the guy who flew over my car. Real shit. That's the part that's fun for me, the audience trying to figure out what's real and what's not.

**Your stalker is a truly lovable character on the show. How did that happen?**
That came from my good friend Nino Pilla, one of the producers. It's funny because there was a stalker staying in front of Adam Sandler's beach house, and she was convinced she was married to him. And Adam is such a lovely guy, he'd go out and bring coffee to her in the morning, maybe see if she needed a blanket. We had to explain to him, "Hey dude, it's dangerous. You better get her the fuck out of there." So when Nino brought that up, I thought it was perfect.

**One could surmise from Season 1 of *Real Rob* that you're pro-weed?**
Right now in California, if you wanna buy marijuana, you have to go see a marijuana doctor, and he's gonna ask you very important questions like, "Do you have a major credit card?" Then you spend $40 and get a card. And you need a medical reason for the marijuana, something like, "Tuesdays make me sad," "I'm afraid of elbows" or my favorite, "I'm almost out of fucking pot." I am for legalizing medical marijuana, although maybe not recreational marijuana, and I'll tell you why: I think hard drugs can piggyback on soft drugs, so even if we have the speed bump of the medical marijuana card, that's enough. If people wanna smoke it, they at least need to get the card. Plus, let's face facts, these fucking idiots in charge of our state government are pissing away our money and need new forms of taxation, so if people are dumb enough to wanna get high all the time, let's at least tax that.

**One could surmise from Season 1 that Rob Schneider is pro rough sex?**
[*Laughs.*] I think as long as the partners are willing, you can mix it up. It behooves them to be safe, but I think the idea of what's in good taste and what's obscene is up to the person. Couples can get bored with each other. Sometimes it's fun however you want to spice it up. Norm Macdonald has a great joke about going to sex counseling, and the counselor says, "You gotta role-play." Norm says, "I wanna be a cowboy, and you're gonna be, uh, anybody else but you."

My wife's beautiful and gorgeous. I think people should know that we have a good sex life, that this is a real couple here. To me, if I had to describe the show, I'd say it's *I Love Lucy* in 2016, except I'm Lucy and she's Ricky.

"I FIND A LOT OF NETWORK TV REPULSIVE. IT'S SO INTELLECTUALIZED, SO THOUGHT OUT, YOU CAN SMELL A ROOMFUL OF GUYS AT THIS BIG TABLE TRYING TO COME UP WITH IDEAS BETWEEN TEXTING."

**In a couple episodes you're seen reading *Henry Miller on Writing*. Why that book?**
Henry Miller is my biggest influence. He's never depressing. He could be broke and down and out in Paris whoring, but he celebrates life. He doesn't have any judgment on it. In my life I've been blessed by not being accepted by the cinematic and comedic cognoscenti; I consider that a great blessing because I don't have to worry about pleasing these assholes. I just do what I want. Henry Miller…in the end, he's writing for himself. John Cleese said this—and I agree with him—that the most sensitive members of society should not be the ones deciding what everyone else gets to watch or listen to or read or see. And so at the end of the day Henry Miller is my hero. It's why I think I have no problems talking to HUSTLER, because I think all journalism and all press is pornography. It's vulgarity. The idea that a paid CNN contributor, Donna Brazile, can provide questions to a candidate for a Presidential debate is obscene. What's more obscene, that or showing a woman's pussy, cleanly shaved or not?

**Speaking of HUSTLER, do you remember the magazine from your youth?**
Let me tell you a great story about HUSTLER. My parents and I went on one of those cheapy European vacations. You're on a bus, you go to the shittiest of motels, shitty restaurants, like eight hours in Nice, >>

three hours in Florence. I remember we were in France, and my Dad had to go out and get a HUSTLER magazine because Jackie O was completely nude in it. It must have been the summer of '77, but I remember him being so disappointed because they didn't show any snatch, no really dirty shots. I said, "What were you expecting, Dad? Spreading her ass while on vacation? Jesus!" [*Laughs.*] But that's a really strong memory in my head, taking taxis around rural France, trying to find a HUSTLER magazine so my dad could see a naked Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy.

**It sounds like you came from quite a liberal family?**
Instead of getting a sitter, my parents would bring us. When I was five years old, I saw *Planet of the Apes*—absolutely frightening movie. I remember being seven or eight when *The Godfather* came out, and there I was seeing Sonny Corleone get shot to death.

My dad was very open, not to mention we grew up in San Francisco, which was a liberal bastion. So civil rights, the sexual revolution, he was very open to that—and then letting a kid decide [for himself], because when you don't show it and don't see it, that's when you become obsessed with it. I don't think it should be in grammar schools, pornography, but it's interesting—the availability of it actually diminishes people's interest in it. That's what freedom is about. Freedom is messy. Democracy is messy. Democracy, as Churchill said, doesn't work, but it's better than all the other alternatives.

"THE IDEA THAT A PAID CNN CONTRIBUTOR CAN PROVIDE QUESTIONS TO A CANDIDATE FOR A PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE IS OBSCENE. WHAT'S MORE OBSCENE, THAT OR SHOWING A WOMAN'S PUSSY?"

**Speaking of politics, you've been outspoken on certain topics: fluoridation of drinking water, the food and pharmaceutical industries…**
There's nothing more important than the health of your children. There's nothing more basic than clean water, clean air, and healthy,

nutritious food that doesn't poison you. All these things are being fucked up by our government.

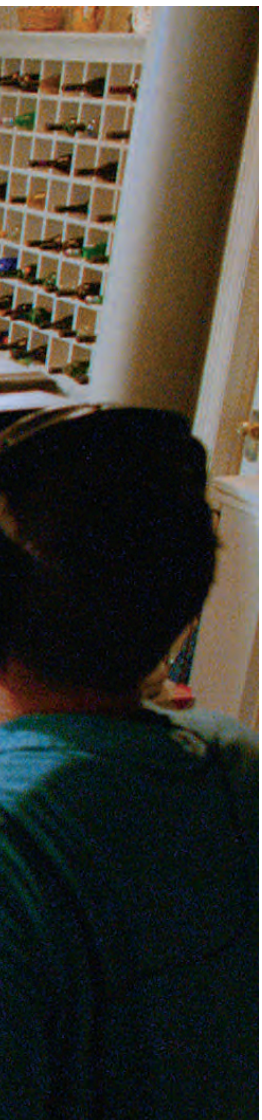
When the government will basically do what the corporations want and the corporations do what the government wants, you end up not doing what's best for the people. I think our food supply's in jeopardy. Look what you have now: We have a population of kids that are sick. Fifty-four percent of children these days have chronic illness, like allergies, asthma, diabetes, rheumatoid arthritis. I think other people would share my opinion that it's not okay to poison our food.

**How are they poisoning our food?**

A lot of ways. They spray this glyphosate on machines that gather the wheat just for business reasons, and it makes the wheat sick. It makes the people who eat that wheat gluten intolerant.

Or pesticides. First, let's go to George Merck, this guy Merck of the pharmaceutical company. This all started as a bio-warfare program during World War II. Then after the war they said, "What are we gonna do with all this shit," and they said, "Let's kill bugs." So that's where our pesticides explosion came from, and truthfully Monsanto doesn't really increase the yields of wheat and corn like they say. This stuff makes people sick. If it's gonna make bugs explode when they eat it, it's certainly not gonna be good for people.

Meanwhile there's a revolving door between the FDA and the chemical companies and Big Agra and Monsanto. President Obama said you should know what's in your food and then put one of the main guys from Monsanto in charge of the FDA. It's insane.



**What about mandatory vaccinations?**

I think one of the most basic human rights is the right to decide what goes into my body or my child's body. The parent should make that decision, and the government should not impede that.

Not all kids are the same. They don't all have the same eye prescriptions or the same immune systems, and there's been no safety studies that show which kids are more vulnerable to vaccine injuries. Let's say a family has one kid who has a vaccine injury and a sibling who's susceptible, the state still says the second kid has to be vaccinated or can't go to school in California. That to me is tyranny. You can't get between parents and their kids. They have to make their own decisions based on their own family history. I think there's a real push for medical tyranny in this country, absolutely.

Vaccines are the only drug that has no liability. You can't sue the doctors, the pharmacy, the companies that make them, because they are mandated and Congress ruled so in 1986. And for people who don't believe vaccine injuries are real, $3.5 billion has been paid out in the Vaccine Adverse Effects Reporting System. You can go there [https://vaers.hhs.gov/about/index], and the government doesn't want it exposed, but what's the number of kids it's okay to sacrifice?

**Why do you feel compelled to speak out?**

The greatest thing I heard was from one of my heroes, M. Scott Peck, who wrote *The Road Less Traveled*. He said "If the devil exists, he's saying 'Don't make waves.'" You have to speak up for what you want, and I'm in a place in my life where I can. I don't give a fuck what anybody thinks. H

*Catch the hilarious first season of* Real Rob *on Netflix today, and watch for Season 2 coming your way this spring!*

# DANI DANIELS

**EPIC**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS

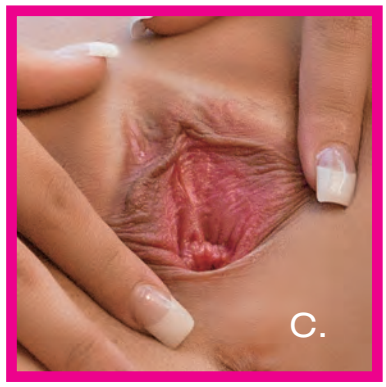
I'm all about chemistry and connection. I love a man who's confident, funny and a classic gentleman. Of course it helps if he's great in the sack. And a woman who's self-assured, dresses well and takes care of herself can gladly sit on my face. To me, porn means epic sex. I'd be pretty happy fucking and painting for the rest of my life. That's right, painting! I've even had a few solo gallery shows. Check me out at **KiraLeeArt.com**."

## DANI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Orange County, California** | AGE: **27** | HEIGHT: **5-7** | MEASUREMENTS: **34C-24-40**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Depends on who I'm with** | TWITTER: **@SuckingAllTheD** | INSTAGRAM: **@SuckingAllTheDicks**

# MATCH HER SNATCH

**Think pink, and win a free subscription to HUSTLER Magazine! 2016 was a banner year for pussy, my friend. Witness the cornucopia of cunt displayed below. Each of these delicious quims belongs to a 2016 Honey. Simply match the snatch to its rightful owner. If you ace the game, you'll be entered into a drawing to win a year's worth of Larry's Favorite Magazine! There will be five lucky winners in all, so haul out your HUSTLERs and begin. (For a handy cheat sheet, log on to HUSTLERMagazine.com.) P.S. If you're an ass man, turn to BOOTY CALL on page 58 for another chance to win.**



RULES: No purchase necessary. Must be 18 or older to enter. Email your entry to HUSTLER@lfp.com (be sure to type "Match Contest" in the subject line); or mail your letter to Match Contest, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Five winning entries will be selected at random from submissions with 100% correct responses. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Your entry must be postmarked by March 15, 2017. Please remember to include your full name, address and phone number. **Be sure to read the contest rules carefully!** All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the number of correctly answered entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winners by email or mail, and will mail the winners their one-year HUSTLER subscription at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The contest is open to anyone 18 years of age or older, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household.

CANDICE LUCA

1. ___

LILY IVY

2. ___

ZAHRA STARDUST

3. ___

BRANDY

4. ___

TOMI TAYLOR

5. ___

BLAKE BARTELLI

6. ___

NOELLE EASTON

7. ___

SKYE WEST

8. ___

ABBY CROSS

9. ___

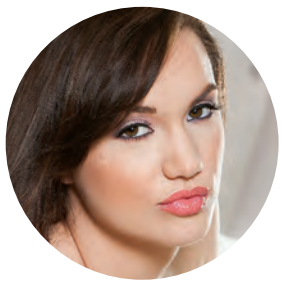
LONI LEGEND

10. ___

JAYME LANGFORD

11. ___

PARIS LINCOLN



12. ___

NAME:

ADDRESS:

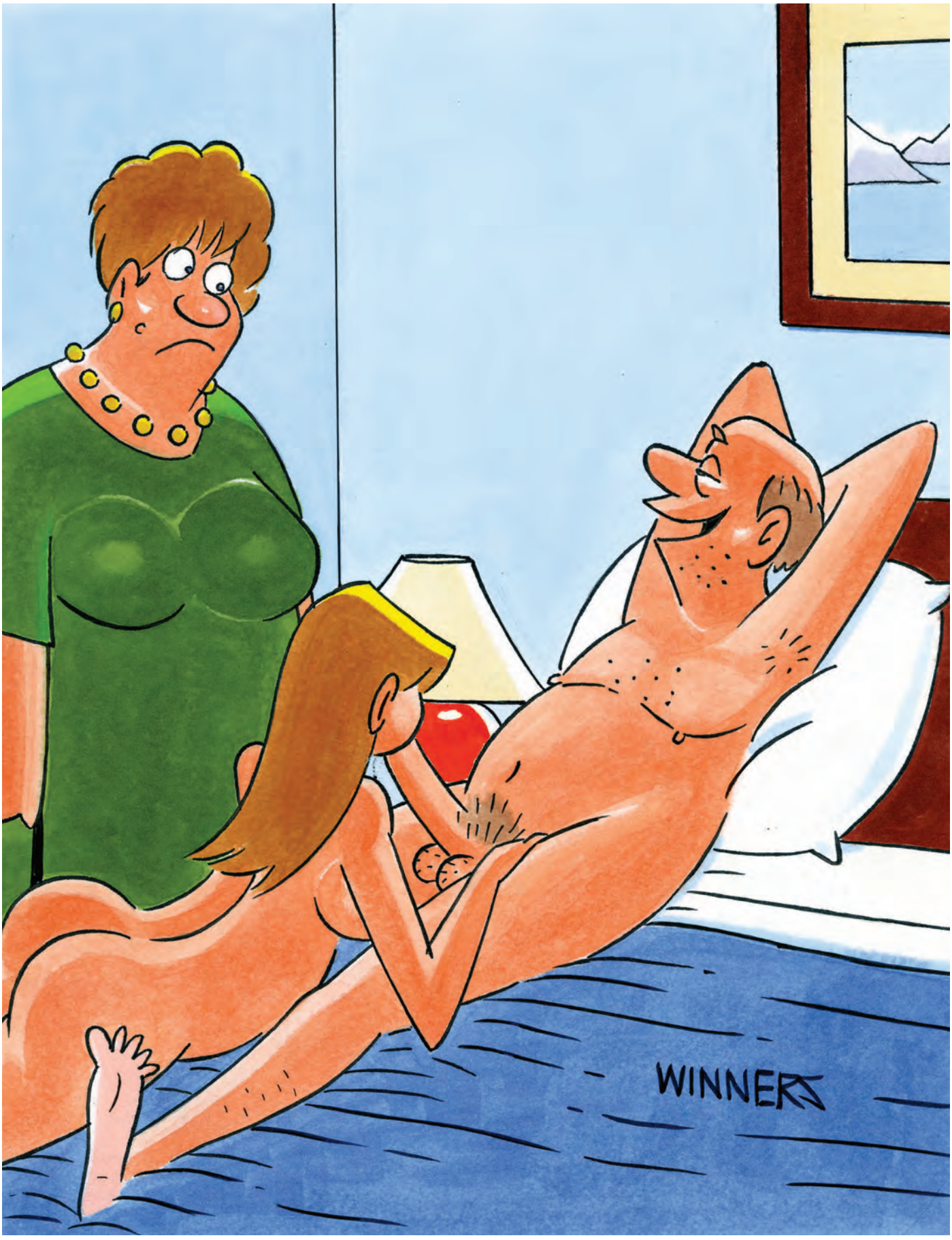
PHONE NUMBER: EMAIL:

# PAIGE TAYLOR

## GIVE AND TAKE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

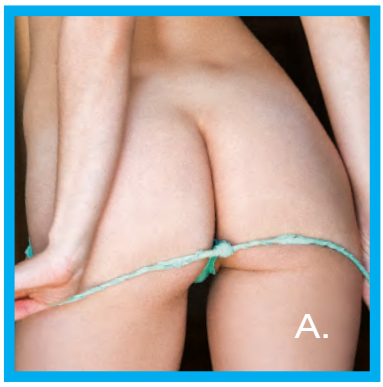
Blowjobs are my thing. If my girlfriends ask for advice about how to suck a dick, I tell them there's no such thing as perfect. It depends on the guy. Everybody's different, and that's the thing you should think about. You gotta feel that shit out. Try things. Give lots of eye contact and pay attention to how he's responding. It's good to get a dick really wet. I love sloppy blowjobs, so I drink a lot of water to stay hydrated. Sometimes drinking something sweet, like lemonade, makes for stringy spit I can play with. And use your mouth and your hands at the same time! Usually I stop before a guy comes, because I want to get that cock in my pussy. The better the blowjob I give, the better the fuck I get."

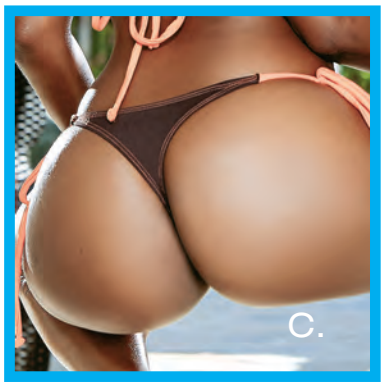


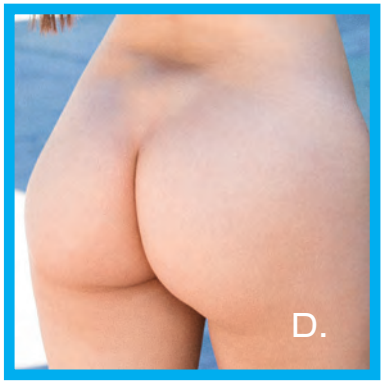

"Hey, I know how much you hate giving blowjobs,
so I decided to bring in somebody from the outside!"

# BOOTY CALL

**Calling all ass enthusiasts! True derriere devotees truly know their butt globes. Test your prowess here, and win Larry's Favorite Magazine free for a year! Match the beautiful behind at left to the stunning 2016 Honey at right. Score well, and your entry will be dropped into a drawing for a one-year HUSTLER subscription. There will be five lucky winners in all. (To thoroughly research rearends, log on to HUSTLERMagazine.com.) P.S. If you're a cunt connoisseur, enter MATCH HER SNATCH on page 46.**





RULES: No purchase necessary. Must be 18 or older to enter. Email your entry to HUSTLER@lfp.com (be sure to type "Call Contest" in the subject line); or mail your letter to Call Contest, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Five winning entries will be selected at random from submissions with 100% correct responses. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Your entry must be postmarked by March 15, 2017. Please remember to include your full name, address and phone number. **Be sure to read the contest rules carefully!** All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the number of correctly answered entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winners by email or mail, and will mail the winners their one-year HUSTLER subscription at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The contest is open to anyone 18 years of age or older, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household.

VALENTINA NAPPI

1. ___

ANITA

2. ___

ALLIE EVE KNOX

3. ___

ASHLEY LANE

4. ___

GEORGIA JONES

5. ___

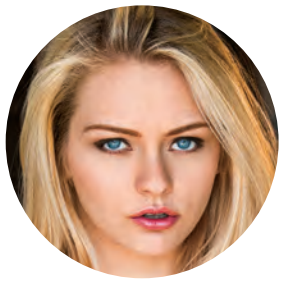
LEAH GOTTI

6. ___

ALANA WOLFE

7. ___

ALLI RAE



8. ___

NINA NORTH

9. ___

ARYA FAE

10. ___

SARAH HIGHLIGHT

11. ___

CHANELL HEART

12. ___

NAME:

ADDRESS:

PHONE NUMBER: EMAIL:

# JACKY SINN

## ALL-TIME FAVORITE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SHANE CURTIS

Beauty is a curse on the
it keeps us from seeing who the
real monsters are.

For The
Good Times

With all the traveling I've been doing lately, I find myself fantasizing about fucking on a plane. The turbulence and seatbelt signs make me want to do something dirty. Gets me hot just thinking about it—the secrecy and chance of being caught.

"Sex is amazing when you're with the right person, someone who is open to anything and everything. Eyes are what attract me to a man, and if he has dark hair with light eyes and tattoos, I fall in love immediately. Lust at first sight. My all-time favorite thing? Getting plowed from behind doggystyle by a strong man."

Beauty is a curse
It keeps us from seeing

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xoxo,
Jacky

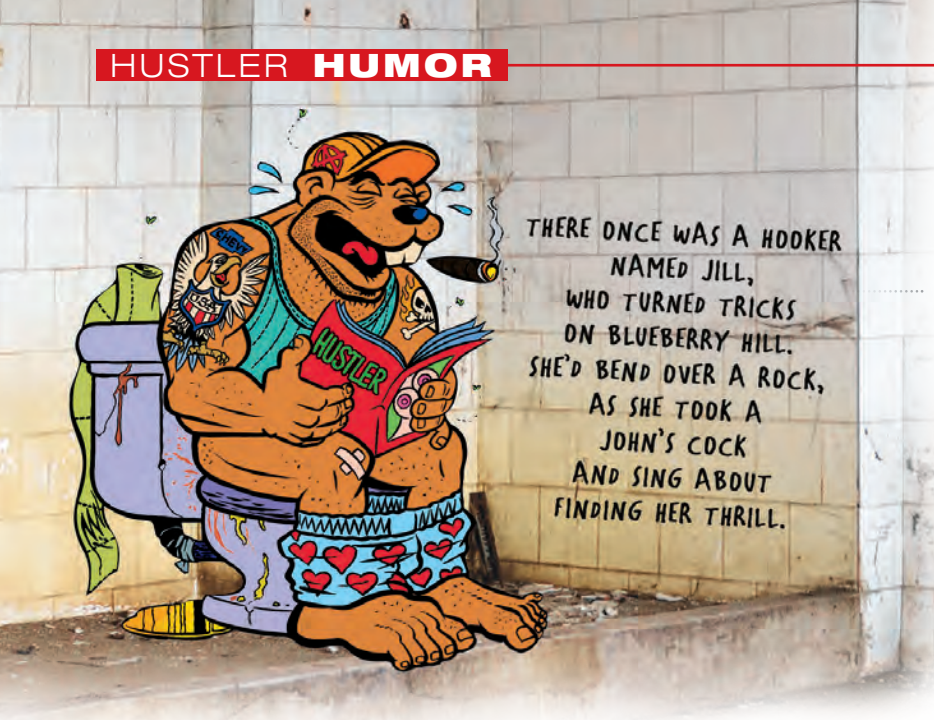
## JACKY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Las Vegas, Nevada**

AGE: **26** | HEIGHT: **5-3**

MEASUREMENTS: **32D-25-27**

FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**




Louise got home from work only to discover Henry stalking around the kitchen with a fly swatter. "Killed any yet?" she asked.

"Yep," answered Henry. "Two males and a female."

"How could you tell?"

"Two were on a beer can, and one was on the fucking phone."

A matchmaker agreed to find a bride for a young man, but when she brought along the prospective wife, he was horrified.

"She's ugly as sin," the young man said. "Her hair is falling out, her eyes are crossed, and her teeth are brown!"

"Why are you whispering?" asked the matchmaker. "She's deaf too."

**Question: What was the last thing Jesus said to his disciples?**

**Answer: "Everyone get on this side of the table if you want your picture taken."**

Governor Chris Christie was sentenced to prison for accepting bribes. He was put into a cell with the biggest, meanest-looking dude he'd ever seen.

"We're gonna fuck all night long," the big guy said, smiling. "So, you wanna be the mama or the papa?"

"Well, if I have to be one or the other, I'd rather be the papa," said Christie.

The man dropped his pants. "Okay, Daddy. Now get that fat ass over here and suck Mama's dick."

A woman called her mother-in-law in the middle of the night. "Who changes the child if it poops itself? Is it the mom or the dad?"

"It's always the mom, honey," said the mother-in-law.

"Okay. Would you come over, please? Your son got drunk and shit his pants."

**The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *macho* as jogging home from your vasectomy.**

Four friends met for their 30-year high school reunion. Jane went to get drinks from the bar while her three pals discussed their children.

John said his son studied economics, went into banking and became so rich that he gave his best friend a Ferrari.

Mary shared that her son was a pilot who went on to start his own airline, accruing so much wealth that he recently gifted his partner a jet.

Not to be outdone, Ted boasted that his kid, an engineer, earned so much money that he built his good friend a castle.

Jane returned with drinks. When the group inquired about her son, she shared that he danced at a gay bar.

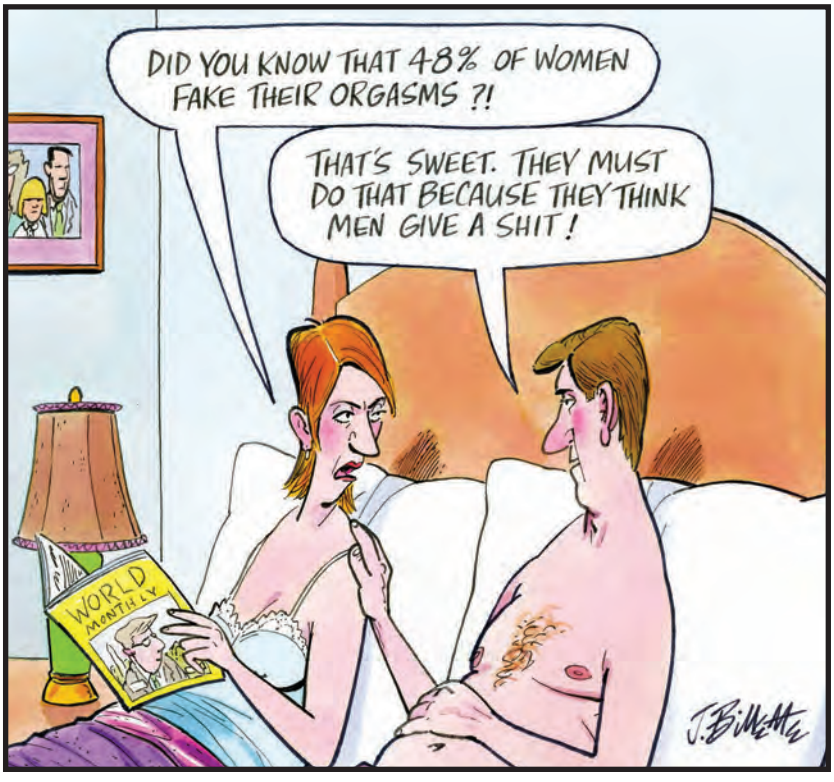
The friends looked at Jane sympathetically. "Don't worry," said Mary. "Success doesn't always take material forms."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Jane. "He's doing great! This year on his birthday he got a Ferrari, a jet airplane and a castle from his boyfriends."

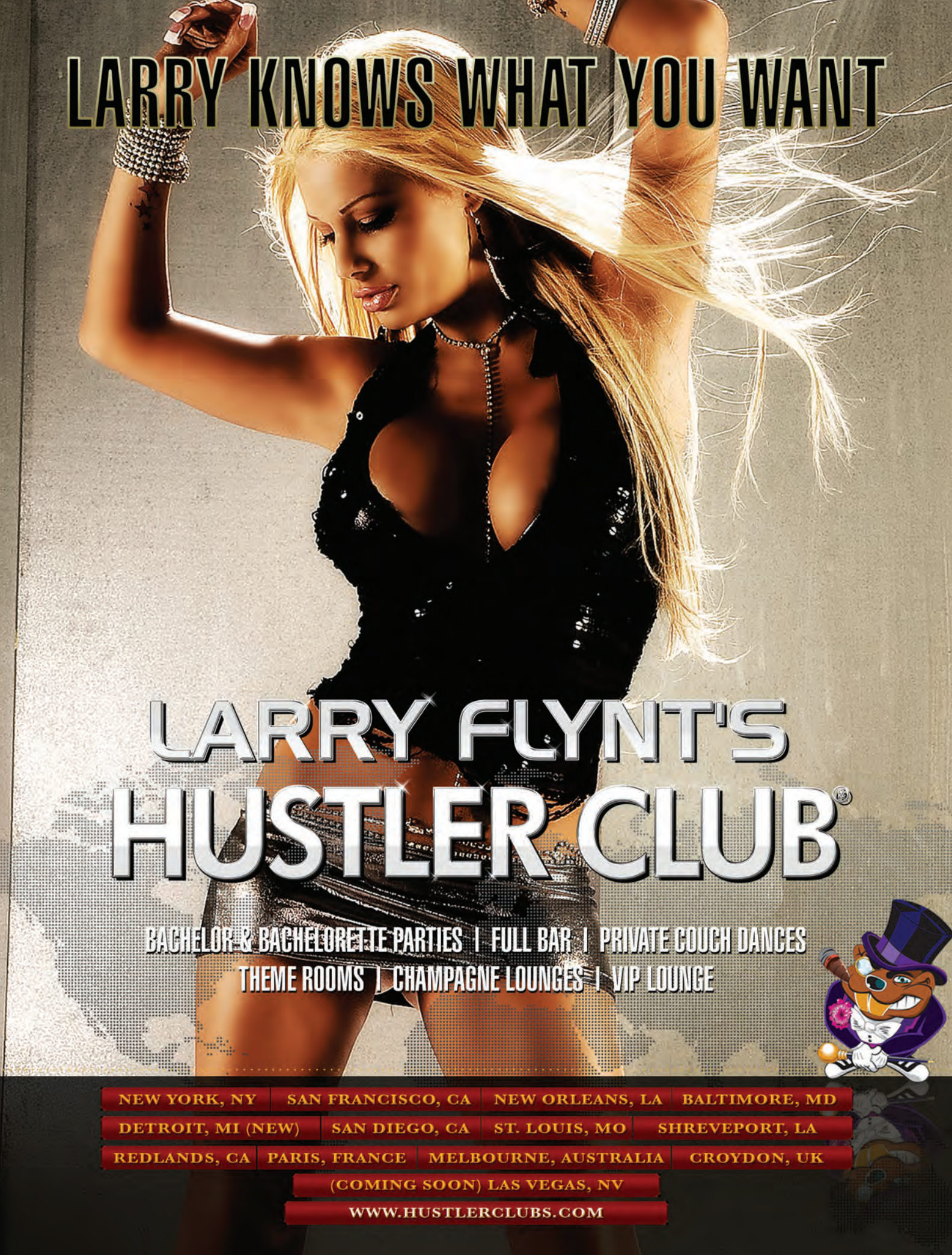
**Question: What does 70-year-old pussy taste like?**

**Answer: Depends.**

*HUSTLER Humor* jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



"Before we get started, I need to know, how do you plan to pay for this?"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# BODY HACK HELL

## TORTUROUS TRENDS & FITNESS FADS

IT'S NOON ON WEDNESDAY, AND I'M CHOOSING TO EAT A WHOLE PLAIN POTATO. OF MY OWN FREE WILL. I STEAMED IT IN MY OFFICE MICROWAVE LIKE THE WEIRD SAD GUY FROM ACCOUNTING DOES. IT'S THE KIND YOU PROBABLY THINK OF WHEN YOU IMAGINE A POTATO—BROWN, LUMPY, DIRTY. A RUSSET MAYBE? I THINK THAT'S WHAT IT'S CALLED. THIS PARTICULAR BROWN LUMPY PIECE OF STARCHY SHIT IS MY THIRD BROWN LUMPY PIECE OF STARCHY SHIT TODAY, AND MY BODY FUCKING HATES ME FOR IT. MY SENSE OF DECENCY AND GOOD TASTE HATE ME FOR IT. MY COWORKERS HATE ME FOR IT. THIS POTATO IS, YOU'LL BE SHOCKED TO DISCOVER, A MAJOR COMPONENT OF THE POTATO DIET. THIS ISN'T MY NORMAL ROUTINE. THIS IS PROBABLY THE ROUTINE OF A SERIAL KILLER OR A SHUT-IN.

**ARTICLE & PHOTOS BY PAUL T. BRADLEY**

A few months ago I read the most infuriating article in a series of infuriating articles about how a new generation of self-serious upstart body and lifestyle hackers are improving their smug lot in life "without even trying." It prompted me to take a crack at as many of these pseudoscientific tricks as possible. Thus I began to intentionally fuck up my liver, my gut, my brains and my overall sanity in the name of bullshit self-improvement.

As I'm sure you know, hating our own bodies takes the work a lifetime. Extra bowls of Lucky Charms. Stolen Swiss cake rolls. Reward Cinnabons. Mallomars. Fried chicken buckets for one. "Stress pints" of Häagen-Dazs. College...just all of college. And for those of us journalisty folks, those of us for whom deadline stress is an excuse to go full "Mama June," we're likely to treat ourselves to all manner of death-taunting comfort foods in an effort to lessen the sting of self-condemnation over a looming or blown deadline. We love to binge and sloth, and American society at large helps us in every way it can, because we're entitled motherfuckers. Manifest Destiny! I'm as guilty of excessive self-indulgence as the next guy and should probably exhibit a tad more self-control in general. So the idea of doing one simple thing or following one simple rule and expending no effort whatsoever to achieve physical perfection sounds really good—which is how most of these diet-hack-touting lunatics find their audience.

Bulletproof Coffee is one of the silliest hacks I explored in my research. You probably saw your tech-obsessed fad-of-the-moment buddy get into this a few years ago—maybe he's still into it. You may have even seen Joe Rogan go from acolyte to fierce detractor overnight when he realized the extent of its ridiculousness. Or you may have no fucking clue what I'm talking about. Let me help you: Basically some guy named Dave Asprey "figured out," through trial, error and pseudoscience, that if you took a tablespoon or two of unsalted grass-fed butter, a tablespoon or two of "Brain Octane" or "XCT Oil," mixed it all in a blender with supersecret special coffee and drank it every day for breakfast, you could turn yourself into a superhuman. Fuck bagels; fuck Cornflakes. One cup of hot fat with coffee.

The "About Us" section of his website announces, "Welcome to being Bulletproof®, the state of high performance where your body, mind and nervous system work together effortlessly to help you perform at levels beyond what you'd expect." Surely we can all get behind this, right? Since I myself want to perform at peak levels—or at bare minimum smooth out the deep valleys caused by excessive whiskey and outright laziness—I tried this horseshit for a week.

Biohackers like Asprey love to tell you, first and foremost, "Forget your preconceptions, bro." If one of your major preconceptions is "Drinking a giant cup of warm fat every morning is bad for me," it might make sense to hang on to that one. But for at least a week I found the strength to set that particular preconception aside. (I'm open-minded like that.)

Unsalted grass-fed butter can be found pretty much everywhere, but "XCT Oil"? What is that exactly? Because I was dead set on not paying into anyone's Ponzi scheme, quick research told me that it's basically coconut oil—another surprisingly easy find. Asprey uses and sells his own supersecret special coffee, one that he claims is free of mycotoxins, or molds and fungi. According to him, all of the normal coffee that us plebes drink is riddled with deadly fungi that's slowly killing us. With the exception of that one time my tweaker buddy pounded four large iced coffees and failed to jump his BMX over a canal, I'm pretty sure I've never heard of regular coffee "killing" anyone. Normal yuppie coffee would suffice for this particular experiment.

I could go through each moment of each day I tried Bulletproof, but they were basically all the same, except that the absurdity ratcheted up exponentially as the week drew to a close. I blended butter and other more exotic fat with coffee every morning and pretended it was going to change me into Wolverine and Superman's butt baby. It felt and tasted like I was chugging the dude from *Cast Away*'s coconut-imbued man chowder. I basically blew a Tom Hanks character every morning, and instead of feeling invincible, I went through the first third of my workday wondering which of my coworkers I was going to throw up on.

Asprey claims he "lost 100 pounds without counting calories or excessive exercise, used techniques to upgrade his brain and lift his IQ by 20 points and lowered his biological age" on his Bulletproof diet. None of this happened to me. I lost no weight. My biological age remains decidedly "mid-30s ravaged by too much fun," and my IQ may have actually dropped from the stress of skipping normal breakfast. Maybe I had to try it for a few months? I'd rather spend that time in a Salvadoran prison.

After breakfast fat chugging, I decided to try a simpler body hack: wearing blue sunglasses every time I ate. Yep, the Blue Sunglasses Diet. (At least the Bulletproof hack had some pizzazz in its title, right?) So some of Japan's more brilliant nerds took a tiny break from all of that delightfully filthy hentai and figured out that the color blue acts to calm the brain's appetite center. Further, they found that if you're wearing blue lenses, they block the rays of red and yellow light that supposedly stimulate your appetite. I guess that makes sense? Instead of waiting for a Japanese company to send me $20 blue shades, I bought some for $5 from a street kiosk and went about experimenting.

Now, the beauty of a one-rule diet that has no other restrictions is that you can basically eat like an asshole. Day one, I woke up and went pig-fucking wild at a certain fast-food establishment known for its disgustingly delicious breakfasts. Right out of the gate, the blue shades did not do a goddamned thing. Sure, there's that tiny stigma of putting on clown shades for every meal, but when you're open to stuffing your face in the name of science, you get over it pretty quickly. Plus, I live in Los Angeles, and there are few stigmas left in this sunny shithole, so who cares? Over the course of the subsequent six days, I went to all-I-could-eat Brazilian steak places. I went to all-I-could-eat Korean BBQ places. I went to Hometown goddamn Buffet. The only thing that made me lose my appetite was my own abhorrent excess—and I doubt that was the spirit behind this nifty hack. If I had done this for longer than a week, I'd probably be dead right now, or I would have at least increased my bra size. I'd have done 100% better if I punched myself in the balls every time I thought about food—hell, I'd look like Kate Moss circa 1997 if I had done that. Lesson learned: When you love to eat, food color and light hue mean jack shit.

On to the next trend, spawned by another "It Boy" of this decade's diet-hacking revolution, Timothy Ferriss. You've probably spotted his *4-Hour Workweek* or his *4-Hour Body* bestsellers unread in your depressed friend's self-help pile. He doesn't seem like a horrible person or anything; it's just that his shortcut methods as a whole seem kind of batshit insane, if not downright unhealthy. Sure, he's *sort of* using science, and I'm not, so maybe we're both a little nuts? A major component of Ferriss's *4-Hour Body* is a "Slow-Carb Diet," and this sounded *almost* logical, so I didn't go near it. Instead I opted for his stranger biohacks to keep things interesting.

I'D HAVE DONE 100% BETTER IF I PUNCHED MYSELF IN THE BALLS EVERY TIME I THOUGHT ABOUT FOOD—HELL, I'D LOOK LIKE KATE MOSS CIRCA 1997 IF I HAD DONE THAT. LESSON LEARNED: WHEN YOU LOVE TO EAT, FOOD COLOR AND LIGHT HUE MEAN JACK SHIT.

One of these includes his promise to increase testosterone and thus dramatically improve one's love life. I went at this experiment with more enthusiasm than my teenage self went at a pile of HUSTLERs. In the section of his book titled "Improving Sex: SEX MACHINE I—Adventures in Tripling Testosterone," he tells of a dinner with a female colleague, "Fifteen minutes after we sat down, Vesper was in a sexually aggressive stupor.... She was, literally, intoxicated on pheromones." He continues, "Both en route to the bathroom and coming back to the table, it was as if I had a ten-foot-radius field of hormonal impact. I received at least three times the normal eye contact from women." You can imagine what happens next in his little story, but I'll summarize: Ferriss and his companion fuck like drunk chimpanzees trying to save their species from extinction. >>

For most men the potential for these scenarios is why we bother going to the gym at all or why we make some attempt to eat less. But for Ferriss his trick is cholesterol. Yeah, the shit you're supposed to consume less of or at least better types. He uses the magic of science to explain that testosterone is created from cholesterol and specifically created while you are sleeping. He outlines a sustained and long-term plan to rebuild whatever testosterone you lost during the "Metrosexual Era" and keep it. It involves butterfat, cod-liver oil, Brazil nuts and some cold showers. I followed his plan dutifully for a few days, but what really interested me was what he calls the "Short Term and Fun 'Nitro Boost'"

I ATE AT LEAST 800 MILLIGRAMS OF CHOLESTEROL THREE HOURS BEFORE BED IN THE FORM OF A ONE-AND-A-HALF-POUND PORTERHOUSE STEAK WITH TWO FRIED EGGS. FUN FACT: I WOKE UP WITH A RAGING MORNING BONER UNLIKE ANYTHING I'D HAD SINCE I WAS 19. IT WAS SO INTENSE, I THINK IT SET OFF A FEW CAR ALARMS.

of testosterone—what got him crazy monkey sex to begin with.

I set a date with an old casual flame and followed Ferriss's advice to the letter. I never cut corners where sex is concerned—it's just bad policy. I ate at least 800 milligrams of cholesterol three hours before bed in the form of a one-and-a-half-pound porterhouse steak with two fried eggs. Fun fact: I woke up with a raging morning boner unlike anything I'd had since I was 19. It was so intense, I think it set off a few car alarms. For what it's worth, I also felt like cage-fighting a pack of silverback gorillas for supremacy of the planet. So far, so good, right? On my way to work I gave every male member of every species I passed a "kill or be killed, motherfucker" look. I didn't notice any difference in the women around me, but I definitely felt aggro as fuck. Per instructions, a few hours before date time, I ate four Brazil nuts, 20 raw almonds and two capsules of a Ferriss-recommended fermented cod oil/butter concoction. What transpired on my date can only be described as disturbingly animalistic.

My date didn't seem intoxicated by my presence so much as intoxicated by the three whiskies she drained. When I asked her if she noticed anything different about me, she demurred at first, but eventually admitted that I seemed a lot more "paternal" than usual. When we left the bar, things got weird. She started crying. Flat-out bawling. I'm not sure what was going on. Maybe she'd also tried some extreme hormone-imbalancing body hack? We walked and talked for a bit, and she eventually chilled out. We'd never had an emotional relationship before, just a physical one, so this felt odd and mildly disturbing. Was the testosterone doing this? I'll never know.

What the testosterone probably did do happened when we went back to my place. This is where all of the jungle metaphors returned and things went the fun kind of crazy. I didn't end up with bleeding back scratches like Ferriss did in his little anecdote, but my date purposely left behind a pair of her panties and made my bed before she left. Not necessary, but kind of adorable. Did the testosterone do that too? Again, we may never know.

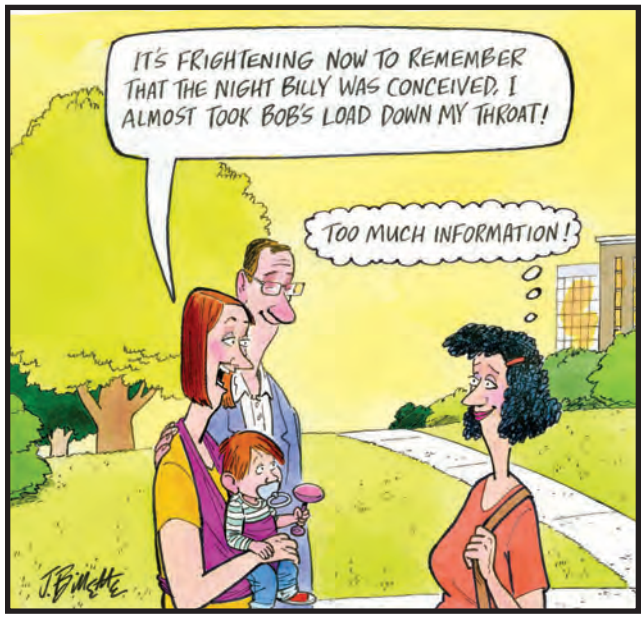
I probably had the most success, with the least inconvenience, when I went all-in on Soylent, the enchanting, bland wonder food made from soy (and not human bodies, they swear) that's all the rage right now. After all of the torture I had previously endured, Soylent was

actually pretty straightforward: Drink their simple, complete, chalk-tasting meal bottles three times a day—with a special coffee-jacked one for breakfast. Since it's full of real nutrients and whatnot, it worked wonders on hangovers. In fact, I probably would have stuck with it after day four if I hadn't started shitting uncontrollably and inexplicably. I guess they're working out some of the kinks? But it was ultimately the mostly painless hack I tried and actually seemed to have some thought and science behind it…

…unlike the fucking Potato Diet, which is about as stupid as you'd expect. Made popular by Penn Jillette of Penn & Teller, it consists of just eating a potato with minimal seasoning every time you're hungry and nothing else, ever. He apparently lost 100 pounds in a few months doing that, coupled with frequent cold showers. Good for him. I just cried a lot and dreamed of steak—and if that was after only one week, I can't imagine the horrors devotees sustained over the course of a month.

So, anyways, yeah. Body hacks—what we used to call "diets," I guess? I ultimately tried seven of them earnestly and a few half-assedly. The Prayer Diet involved me talking to myself and asking a deity I don't believe in for the power to shed fat—instead of, say, asking that deity to help out AIDS orphans. I fasted for a day per the Fast Diet, and it sucked, obviously. I couldn't find someone to legally give me a tapeworm, but oh, boy, I sure tried. Admittedly, each diet was not followed to the fucking letter. Still, I feel I can safely say that most did not seem to have their intended effects inside of one week. I lost no weight and gained no self-confidence. Despite the sexual experience I had hacking my testosterone, I cannot recommend trying it.

Sure, the proponents of those diets and biohacks would probably say that I didn't do them right, which is why I'd like to suggest to Dave Asprey, Penn Jillette and every other snake oil salesman that they try the diet I just invented. Are you ready? It's my officially trademarked "Paul T. Bradley Punch Yourself in the Nuts Biohack Diet." Eat all you want, or continue whatever insane regimen you already have, but punch yourself in the balls as hard as you can when you 1) feel yourself enjoying anything too much or 2) anytime you want to tell someone that they're doing something wrong. Stay tuned, because I'll soon be selling my specially designed, weighted, ergonomic "Paul T. Bradley Ball-Sac-Punch Gloves." Sure, you could do the diet on your own without them, but you'll never achieve 100% guaranteed success. The path to self-mastery, pure enlightenment, genius-level IQ, world peace and humility begins here. (Warning: May cause severe scrotal damage.) H



DAVA FOXX

# THE MAGIC VAGINA

**HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MARC WESTON. STARRING: HARLEY JADE, DAVA FOXX, SADIE SANTANA, CHAD ALVA, DAMON DICE, RYAN DRILLER & DONNIE ROCK.**

There probably isn't a woman alive who isn't cognizant of the power her pussy wields over the male gender. *The Magic Vagina* presents a far less common scenario: Here's a chick with an incredibly alluring slit who regards its mesmerizing properties as a burden rather than a blessing. The cursed blond cock hound in question, Harley Jade, just wants some hard poundings, no relationship bullshit attached. Instead her dong donors follow her around like puppy dogs. As Jade attempts to dispense with her curse, there's also a subplot about an evil real-estate developer (Dava Foxx) who's trying to steal Jade's house from under her, and a homeless shelter worker with a heart of gold (*and* a magic penis) who helps thwart Foxx's nefarious plan. As magic tricks go, this offering isn't particularly elaborate. The premise is as thin as the toilet paper found at the 77 Cents Only store. And a bag of gold glitter sprinkled on Jade's twat is about the extent of the special effects. But the sex is solid, and the film seems to have a knowing awareness of its own cheesiness that softens the cringe factor. *The Magic Vagina* isn't exactly an awards contender, but the hot action will make your hand disappear down your pants, and isn't that the whole point? To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

**—Pico D. Ribibi**

SADIE SANTANA & HARLEY JADE

HARLEY JADE

# MANUEL CREAMPIES THEIR ASSES 4

**JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MANUEL FERRARA. STARRING: MORGAN LEE, CHERIE DeVILLE, BRITNEY AMBER, BRITTANY SHAE & MANUEL FERRARA.**

Take one part scruffy-ass fuck with a boner that wouldn't quit at his own mother's funeral. Combine with a mixed bag of cum-drenched cornholes, and bake at a steadily decreasing heat for two and a half hours. That's the basic recipe for *Manuel Creampies Their Asses 4*, Manuel Ferrara's latest foray into brutality and sodomy. The concept here is not difficult to grasp. Scraggly cocksmith Manuel Ferrara—who with each passing video looks more and more like a rail-riding hobo—plows his way through a succession of turd trenches, finding new and semi-unique ways to showcase his ball batter. Unfortunately, the uneven quality of talent makes this a bumpy ride for the dick-driven drifter. Ferrara's journey starts out smoothly enough, with scrumptious, bouncy-rumped brunette Brittany Shae. Ferrara brutally finger-fucks Shae before planting his pole in her pooper and strumming her clit like a clumsy banjo player. En route to Shit Chute Junction, he puts Shae through an endurance test that has her eyes rolling back in her head with each stab at her colon. Exotic, supple-assed Morgan Lee follows, receiving a vigorous tongue-fuck to her dung hatch before Ferrara wedges his ugly banana-slug cock through her sphincter and drills away. Lee eventually farts her lover's load into a martini glass before quaffing it down. Sadly, the quality gets as slippery as a greased turd from there; with a donkey's grin and a monstrous asshole that resembles an octogenarian's toothless smile, Cherie DeVille looks like she should be pulling a plow in an Eastern bloc country. *Manuel Creampies Their Asses 4* tastes great at first, but leaves the viewer with a touch of indigestion. **—P.D.R.**

MORGAN LEE

BRITTANY SHAE

CHERIE DeVILLE

BRITNEY AMBER

BLAIR WILLIAMS &
MIA MALKOVA

MERCEDES CARRERA

ALEXIS FAWX

# THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: BRAD ARMSTRONG. STARRING: MIA MALKOVA, ALEXIS FAWX, MERCEDES CARRERA, JESSA RHODES, BLAIR WILLIAMS, XANDER CORVUS & BRAD ARMSTRONG.

Looking for a visually tasty spank video with an aftertaste of moral ambivalence? *The Preacher's Daughter* will no doubt answer your prayers. Graybeard cum slinger Brad Armstrong serves double duty as director and actor, turning in a slick-as-snot offering with production values that rival any basic-cable-TV project. Armstrong plays the preacher, whose fervor for the Good Word is matched only by his concern for daughter Marissa (Mia Malkova), a cum-coaxing blonde with a taste for ice cream and the crowbar of local grease monkey Billy. As impressive as they are, the video's feature-grade trappings might work to its detriment—when Billy finally wedges his pork sword into Marissa's piece, it's with a long, lingering buildup that comes across like a Hallmark original movie written by Nicholas Sparks, except with full penetration. Make no mistake, Malkova is magnificent. But overall the aesthetics of *The Preacher's Daughter* are betrayed by the typical shortcomings of porn: The plot is riddled with clunkiness, and the acting is jarringly uneven—the Southern accents that the actors attempt come and go like a summer breeze. A dark, dramatic twist saves the story from becoming a cliché-ridden snooze, as Armstrong's preacher exacts creepy revenge on balling Billy. At three hours plus, *The Preacher's Daughter* is a lengthy sermon, but somewhere in this sprawling would-be epic the viewer will find something to do with his hands besides praying.

**—P.D.R.**

# OLIVIA AUSTIN

## PUSSY POWER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I used to get picked on for having a big ass. It's like 38 inches and it's real! Within the last few years the whole 'big butt' thing has gotten so huge. Because everyone gets implants and injections, people assume mine is fake. It's not. I've had my tits done twice though. I used to be flat as a board, and I wanted my curves to be in proportion.

"For a long time I was embarrassed to just be me. On the outside I was the girl next door, a good girl. One day I decided I was tired of hiding. I was going to do whatever the fuck I wanted. I love having sex, I love blowjobs, and I live to perform. Literally after my first scene I said, 'This is what I'm supposed to be doing!' I really like the rough stuff and talking dirty. I've finally embraced the power of my pussy. It's gotten me out of speeding tickets—I get free tire repairs, new clothes, shoes…and I never really have to wait in line."

"Masturbating to a picture of Ann Coulter is pretty fucked up, dude.
I would've jumped a long time ago."

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE JULY 1976!

# BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

## TATIANA SYMPA

Props to William Wordsworth (1770-1850) for helping us introduce Tatiana Sympa, 25, who personifies phraseology from one of his most famous poems: "utter nakedness" and "splendor in the grass." (If you think we're April-fooling around, plow through "Intimations of Immortality From Recollections of Early Childhood.") Tatiana—an "outspoken and fun-loving" bartender out of La Jolla, California—isn't as eloquent as Wordsworth, but the 5-foot-8 head-turner is up for baring her body and soul: "My hobbies are swimming, hiking, scrapbooking and going to Black's Beach in San Diego, where everyone gets naked. My fave TV show is *The Walking Dead*, and I love any music I can shake my ass to." Of course Tatiana adores sex: "I'm straight, but I have had a threesome with my boyfriend and another girl. I really like being controlled, doggy-style and having sex in random places; the thought that we could get caught at any moment turns me on. My most memorable adventures were fucking while standing in the woods and fucking outside a friend's house." Fulfilling her fantasy will require assistance: "It would be so hot watching my man getting head from another girl in public." *—Photos by Kickback Productions*

"I'm not into stupid April Fool's pranks, but I do love getting naked and fooling around in public places."

Facebook.com/TheNaaaughtyVegan
Instagram: @The.Naughty.Vegan

# THE NAUGHTY VEGAN

"There is no taming this wild child," proclaims The Naughty Vegan, 24, an exotic dancer who ardently embraces the lifestyle that excludes animal products. "I'm a crazy, fun, freaky, adventurous, seductive, goal-oriented and comedic Scorpio. Above all else, I'm a hustler! I hustle in everything I do." That includes nude modeling: "When readers see my photos, they should consider going vegan. Nothing turns me on more than compassion." The 5-foot-5 beauty's passions are extensive: "My hobbies are working out, lifting weights, yoga and hiking. Being in nature makes me feel so alive!" She's a movie and TV buff too: "I love anything involving aliens, conspiracies or mysteries. And speaking of mysteries, my hometown isn't from this planet. If you absolutely must mention one, say it's Atwater, California." We'll go on to mention that The Naughty Vegan digs heavy-metal bands, the Seattle grunge scene, gangsta rap and getting it on: "I'm pansexual, meaning I'm capable of having the hots for anyone. Gender doesn't matter to me." And she's definitely gung ho: "I give extremely sloppy blowjobs. For some reason my mouth is naturally wet with thick, warm slobber. I also love cuddling, doggy-style hard as fuck and anal with modest-size dicks—nothing too big and scary." The Naughty Vegan's biggest fantasy? "Having hot group sex with beautiful vegan people in an open field." *—Photos by Casper Muñoz Photography*

"I like guys who are open-minded. Lube up your dick and fuck me in the ass. Balls smacking my clit while I'm getting it from behind really turns me on!"

"I eat pineapples too. That's why my cute pussy is so sweet!"
VENOMOUS

# VICTORIA EVANS

"I've always had HUSTLER mags," says Victoria Evans, 22, an "adventurous, kindhearted and feisty when needed" resident of Aurora, Ohio. "I thought it would be great to finally see myself in it. I am very confident with my all-natural body. I love modeling in a sexy outfit, but I prefer modeling in nothing at all. Your readers are going to see much more than my Facebook friends!" Besides social media, the 5-foot-9 newbie is into soccer, martial arts, crafts, the cable shows *Shameless* and *Banshee*, music (The Judds, Nickelback, 303 Band), rooting for pro football's hapless Cleveland Browns and "taking care of everything" around the house: "I consider myself to be an amazing wife. When my husband comes home, he has no worries other than to shower, eat dinner and relax." But Victoria does have erotic rules: "I love being dominated, especially when I'm tied up and blindfolded. The mystery is an adrenaline rush." She also gets her rocks off outside the bedroom: "When a church was having its bricks remortared, we had sex at the very top of the scaffolding by the bells." That leads us to Victoria's Holy Land fantasy: "I'd love to have sex in the Dead Sea. All that extra salt in the water makes floating easier." *—Photos by Paradigm Foto Studio*

"I love scavenger hunts where the objective is to find the restraints, toys and lube I've hidden in my house. The winner gets to take me to bed and look for my sweet spot!"

**"I dream about going on a buggy ride with my guy and having sex as we roll through the countryside."**

# ALISON FRIDAY

Pennsylvania has been the stomping ground of numerous amateur models, but we've never been able to coax one of its Amish chicks to join the Beaver colony. Since 28-year-old Alison Friday lives in the heart of Amish country, we figure the Lancaster denizen would know the reason why. "Amish people believe that posing for photos is an unacceptable act of pride and that photos are graven images," the 5-foot-8 cosmetologist explains. "And they don't like strangers gawking or staring at them. The funny thing is, a lot of Amish families live in a town called Intercourse." Why Alison is a you-can-gawk-at-me gal is simple: "I believe that nakedness is beautiful. Hey, if you've got it, why not show it?" The Rob Zombie fan proudly adds, "I'm straight, ambitious, persistent and seductive. I love showing a guy the many things I can do with my witty mouth." What about intercourse? "My favorite position is doggy-style. But to really get the adrenaline pumping, I love watching a horror flick and fucking during a sex scene." *—Photos by Robert Sleeper Photography, LLC*

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Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

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Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

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# NADIA, SATIVA & SIMONE

## GETTING THEIR KICKS

**HUSTLER CLASSIC**
**OCTOBER 2004**
PHOTOGRAPHY
BY MATTI KLATT

After hearing about a mugging in their neighborhood, **Nadia** and **Simone** signed up for a self-defense class. Their hard-bodied instructor, **Sativa**, showed them some basic kickboxing moves before pulling out the nunchaku.

The sexy sensei then demonstrated how to neutralize attacks by probing their most vulnerable areas. Soon both girls were moaning in sexual submission.

The horny students felt empowered as they left the class, but were later brought to their knees when they got **Sativa**'s bill.

# Coming SOON

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## THE GREEN RUSH

Porn and pot have been pals for decades. Now they're going into business together. Author Scott Fayner reveals the similarities between the two industries and introduces us to the major marijuana players in porn. Grass and ass: a match made in heaven.

## BIG PHARMA KILLS

Over the past 15 years, a certain class of narcotics has accounted for close to half a million fatalities. The cartels are named Pfizer, Cephalon, Roche and Insys, and the drugs are opioids. Reporter Travis Kelly details Big Pharma's outrageous greed and its utter disregard for human decency and our health in this shocking exposé.

## BLACK & BARELY LEGAL

Studies claim that millennials are, like, totally sexually inactive compared to Gen-Xers and baby boomers. The kids are overworked, on antidepressants and confused about consent and identity. Thankfully, some young women are eager to challenge these conclusions one hungry, tight, wet hole at a time.